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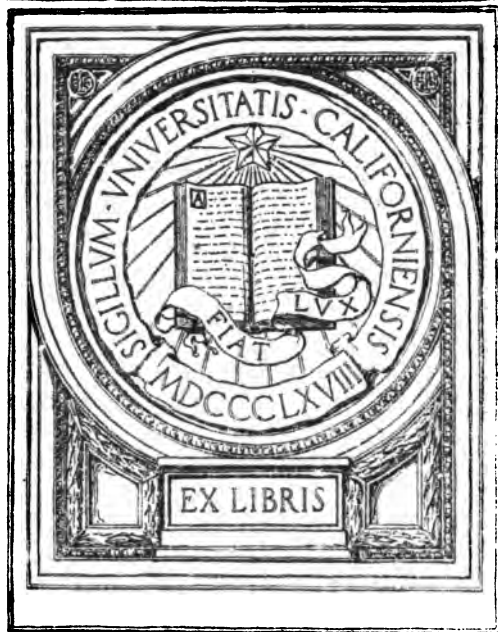
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## Otium Didascali



UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

# Otium Didascali

Translations

Into Greek & Latin Verse

By

Walter Hobhouse, M.A.

Head Master of Durham School,  
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and formerly Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford

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ABSTRACT

*John Sather*

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EDVARDO D. STONE, A.M.,  
COLLEGII REGALIS APUD CANTABRIGIENSES OLIM SOCIO,  
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PRAECEPTORI BENIGNO, SAGACI, INDEFESSO,  
CUI REFERO ACCEPTUM  
SI QUID IN HAC ARTE TENUI, SPRETA,  
SUIS AUTEM CULTORIBUS IUCUNDISSIMA,  
PUER IUVENIS SENEX PROFECERO,  
OPUSCULUM HOC QUANTULUMCUNQUE  
GRATUS DEDICO.

τεθναίνην ὅτε μοι μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι.

MIMNERMUS.

Edidi quae potui, non ut volui, sed ut temporis  
angustiae me coegerunt ; scitum enim est causam  
conferre in tempus, cum afferre plura si cupias  
non queas.

CICERO, *De Oratore*.

## Preface

THIS collection of Verse Translations is published in the hope that there may still be some to whom such pieces give pleasure. Of the versions here printed, one dates from school-boy days, several were written in university examinations; some originated in "fair copies" in teaching composition; the majority (as the name of the book implies) have been the fruit of scanty hours of leisure during the last twelve years.

I do not wish to enter upon the defence of Greek and Latin Verses as part of the educational curriculum. Mr. Lyttelton has recently put forth a powerful plea for their retention as a valuable mental discipline, though it is to be feared that his *apologia*, in so far as it is addressed to the "educationalist" of the twentieth century, will fall upon deaf ears. I will merely record the conviction drawn from my own experience, that no other part of a classical education gives so great a stimulus to thought, so good a training in accuracy, or so fine a perception of the beauties of poetry, whether ancient or modern. And those to whom Nature has denied the gift of original poetry may be allowed to solace themselves by rendering to the poets whom they admire, but cannot emulate, the tribute of translation into the

two languages which give the keenest edge and the most perfect expression to the thoughts of men.

It is a pleasant duty to acknowledge my deep obligations to many kind friends. My chief debt is due to my former tutor, the Rev. E. D. Stone, to whose keen and suggestive criticisms I owe the discovery and cure of numerous blemishes. I have also to express hearty gratitude to my former colleague, Mr. S. G. Owen, and my present colleagues, the Rev. H. B. Smith and Mr. J. M. Hardwich, for reading the proofs and aiding me with suggestions; and to the Rev. A. H. Cruickshank and Mr. M. J. Rendall (assistant masters at Winchester College), and Mr. R. T. Elliott (formerly classical lecturer in the University of Melbourne), for much helpful advice. I must not, however, lay upon them, individually or collectively, the responsibility for the blemishes which remain; for I have, in some cases, clung to my own rendering, even where it has been objected to by one or more of my kind critics. With regard to such questions as license of metaphor or personification, or the occasional use in tragic iambics of epic words which are not actually found in any extant tragedy, I should deliberately maintain the less strict view. Freedom must be used with discretion and according to analogy, but never to go beyond the letter of the *Corpus Poetarum* or the *Poetae Scenici* seems to me a needless bondage.

W. H.

DURHAM, Christmas, 1897.

## Postscript.

My thanks are due to Mr. Swinburne, Sir Lewis Morris, and Mr. Austin Dobson for kind permission to print some extracts from their poems; to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. for courteously allowing me to make use of passages of which the copyright has not expired; and also to the proprietors of the copyright of the poems of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Matthew Arnold.



Univ. of  
California

## Otium Didascali



## I.

*Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee.*

THERE is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt. But those riches perish by evil travail: and he begetteth a son and there is nothing in his hand. As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand. And this also is a sore evil, that in all points as he came, so shall he go: and what profit hath he that he hath laboured for the wind? All his days also he eateth in darkness, and hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness.

Every man also to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour—this is the gift of God.

ECCLESIASTES.

## I.

*Quid proderit homini ?*

κακὸν τόδ' οἶδα λυγρὸν ἐν βροτοῖς γεγώς,  
 σωθέντα πλούτον πῆμα τοῖς κεκτημένοις·  
 φθίνει δ' ὁ πλούτος οὗτος ἀλγεινῷ πόνῳ.  
 γεννᾷ τις υἷον; οὐδὲν ἐν χεροῖν ἔχει·  
 ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἡ τεκοῦσα προὔθηκεν φάει  
 γυμνόν, κάτεισι γυμνὸς εἰς σκότον πάλιν,  
 πόνου δὲ κέρδος οὐδὲν ἐν χεροῖν ἔχει·  
 κακὸν δέ τοι λυγρὸν τόδ', εἰ τὰ πάντ' ἀνὴρ  
 οὕτω κάτεισιν ὥσπερ ἐξελήλυθεν,  
 πόνων δὲ μισθὸν ἄνεμος οἴχεται φέρων·  
 σκότῳ δ' αἰεὶ δύσοιστον ἐκτρίβων βίον  
 ἀλγῆμαθ' εὔρε πολλά καὶ θυμοῦ βέλη  
 νόσοις συνοικῶν διαφόροις· ἅπας δ' ἀνὴρ  
 ᾧ θεὸς τὰ χρήματ' ἀφθόνως ἐνείματο  
 κᾶδωκε δαίσασθαί τε καὶ λαβεῖν μέρος  
 πόνοις τε χαίρειν—τοῦ θεοῦ δῶρον τόδε.

## II.

*The Ministry of Angels.*

And is there care in Heaven? and is there love  
in heavenly spirits to these creatures bace  
that may compassion of their evils move?  
There is: else much more wretched were the cace  
of men than beasts. But, O! th' exceeding grace  
of highest God, that loves his creatures so,  
and all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
that blessed Angels he sends to and fro  
to serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
to come to succour us that succour want!  
how oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
the flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,  
against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
and their bright squadrons round about us plant:  
and all for love and nothing for reward.  
O! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

SPENSER.

## II.

Θεοὺς βροτῶν ἀξιούσθαι μέλειν.

Ergo cura movet superos? caelestia tangit  
pectora mollis amor, qualis vel turpia possit  
respicere, atque hominum sortem miseretur iniquam?  
sed dubitare nefas: ni sic foret, ipsa ferarum  
sors potior nostra. sed nunc o quantus in alto  
numine visus amor, cui tam sunt omnia cordi,  
qui sic amplexu miti mortalia fovit,  
ut vel caelestes iubeat prodire ministros  
ingratorum hominum, quos fraus oblectat, in usus.  
saepe suas linquunt sedes, argentea templa,  
auxiliumque ferunt iam desperantibus ultro!  
auratas pandunt alas, simul aethera findunt  
Orcique a nostris procul agmina finibus arcent.  
pro nobis certant, vigiles vel noctis in umbra  
excubias agere et nitidas educere turmas:  
omnia suadet amor, nec spes trahit impia luci;  
cur deus immeritos sic respicit altus homullos?

## III.

*The death of Sidney.*

And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast ;  
his lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud  
cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,  
which languisheth being shred by culter as it past.  
A trembling chilly cold ran through their veines, which  
were  
with eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,  
whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare ;  
next, murmuring ensude ; at last they not forbear  
plain outcries, all against the heav'ns that enviously  
deprived us of a spright so perfect and so rare.  
The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide  
his face  
for griefe, whereby the earth feard night eternally :  
the mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turned  
their streames,  
and th' aire 'gan winterlike to rage and fret apace :  
and grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie  
gleames  
amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seeme  
to rent the skies, and made both man and beast afeard.

SPENSER.

## III.

*Ceu flos succisus aratro.*

Continuo sensus obscurat nubilus horror ;  
pallent cerea labra, rosae ceu daedala gemma  
stirpe abscissa sua, vel praetereuntis aratri  
purpureus ferro laesus flos languet in agris.

inde per adstantum gelidus tremor ossa cucurrit  
luminaque implentur lacrimis ut tristia cernunt  
fata viri ; primum alta docent suspiria luctum ;  
insequitur murmur ; tandem clamore superbo  
incusant superos, quod raram numine saevo  
invideant sanctamque animam mortalibus aegris.  
Sol maerens celat radios et frontis honorem  
abscondit : metuont aeternam saecula noctem :  
contremuere procul montes, rivique retorto  
vertuntur fluvio ; tum ventis turbidus aether  
ceu bruma redeunte fremit, noctuque tremendi  
apparent lemures ; flammae micuere coruscae,  
fulguraque obscuris audita in nubibus ipsum  
scindere visa polum ; trepidant hominesque feraeque.

## IV.

*And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?*

The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near hand; or the sea, which makes men hoise their sails in a flattering calm, and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment; if they frown, who dares call them inconstant? if bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful?

J. LELY.

## IV.

*Regum amicis bona consilia magni constant.*

αὔραις ἀνάκτων πᾶν γένος τὰ πρὸς φίλους  
 ἔουκεν, αἵπερ ἐν φόβαισιν εὐμενῶς  
 ψαίρειν νομίζουσ', ἄλλοτ' ἀνατρέπειν βία  
 πρόβριζα δένδρ' ἢ φλοξίν, ἡδὺν τηλόθεν  
 θάλπος πνεύσαις, καῦμα δ' ἐγγύθεν κακόν·  
 ἢ τῇ θαλάσῃ τοτὲ μὲν ἡσύχῳ πλακί  
 ναύτας ποιούσῃ λαῖφος ἐκτείνειν νεώς,  
 τοτὲ δ' ἐν δυσάρκτοις κύμασιν χαλᾶν πόδα.  
 στέργουσι γὰρ πρὸς καιρόν, ἐκ συνθήματος,  
 τοῦ συμφέροντος οὐνεκ' ἦν δ' ὀφρῦς ποτὲ  
 ἄναξ ἀνασπᾶ, δόλιον ἄρά τις καλεῖ;  
 ψευδῇ τις, εἰ κρύπτ' ἐκφέρει; τίς οὐ τρέμων  
 ἄλλους μεταστάντ' ἐς φίλους λέγει σαθρόν;



## V.

*Thy eternal summer shall not fade.*

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
if it were filled with your most high deserts?  
though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
which hides your life and shows not half your parts.  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
and in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
the age to come would say 'This poet lies;  
such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'  
So should my papers yellow'd with their age  
be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,  
and your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
and stretch'd metre of an antique song:  
but were some child of yours alive that time,  
you should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

SHAKESPEARE.

## V.

*Credite, posteri.*

Carminibus ventura meis quae saecula credant,  
omnia si digna laude referta sonent?  
quae tamen—obtestor superos—ceu triste sepulcrum  
abscondunt vitam dimidiumque decus.  
scribere si possem qua sint tua lumina forma,  
si novus in cantu quoque niteret honos,  
postera ‘pro vatis mendacia!’ diceret aetas,  
‘mortalem vetitum est aequiparare deos.’  
ludibrioque foret flavescens tempore longo  
pagina, ceu vani garrula lingua senis,  
et vatis furor atque antiqua licentia versus  
visa forent iusta quae tibi sorte darem.  
at tibi—te proles si quando exorta referret—  
esset vita duplex—hinc et ab arte mea.

## VI.

*The Music of the Spheres.*

LORENZO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night  
become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven  
is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
there's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
but in his motion like an angel sings,  
still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims :  
such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—  
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
with sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
and draw her home with music.

JESSICA.

I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

SHAKESPEARE.

VI.

ἐναρμόνιον φασι γίνεσθαι τὴν φώνην φερομένων  
κύκλω τῶν ἄστρον.

- Δ. ὥς ἡ σελήνη κοιμίσασ' ἔχει γλυκὺ  
φάος παρ' ὄχθω τῷδε· τῇδ' ἐξώμεθα.  
ἔρποι δι' ὥτων φθόγγος ἡδίστου μέλους·  
τό θ' ἥσυχον γὰρ εὐφρόνης φίλη τε νῦξ  
συμφωνίαις τερπναῖσιν ἀρμόζουσιν εἶ.  
ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη κάθησο· δάπεδον οὐρανοῦ  
ἥλοισιν ἄθρει χρυσέοις πεπαρμένον·  
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄστρον ἔστιν ὧν ὁρᾷς ὃ τι  
οὐ θεῖα πέμπει, τὰς ὁδοὺς τελοῦν, μέλη  
δαίμων ὅπως τις ἐν νεωτέρων χόρῳ.  
τοίαδ' ἔνεστιν ἀθανάτοις συμφωνία  
ψύχαις· ἕως δ' ἂν ἀμπέχη φθορᾶς γέμον  
πηλοῦ στέγασμα φθονερόν, οὐ κλύειν πάρα.  
ἄγ' οὖν λιγυφθόγγοισιν ἐξεγείρετε  
ὑμνοῖς Σελήνην· μέλεσι δεσποίνης καλοῖς  
ικάνετ' ὦτα, κὰς δόμον προπέμπετε.  
Ι. οὔτοι γέγηθ' ἔγωγ', ὅταν μέλων κλύω.

## VII.

*That fresh strength which anguish gives the soul.*

For this I shall have time enough to mourn :  
in poison there is physic ; and these news,  
having been well, that would have made me sick,  
being sick, have in some measure made me well :  
and as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,  
are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch !  
a scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel  
must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif !  
thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
which princes, fleshed with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach  
the ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
to frown upon the enraged Northumberland !  
Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand  
keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !

## VII.

*Impravidum ferient ruinae.*

πενθοῦσι τοιαῦθ' ἡμῖν ἀρκέσει χρόνος·  
 ὥς γὰρ κακοῖσι φαρμάκοις ἔνεστ' ἄκος,  
 ἔχοντ' ἂν ὑγιᾷ ταῦτα προσφέρειν νόσον  
 ὑγιῇ δοκεῖ πῶς μ' ἐκ νόσου καθιστάναι.  
 ὥσπερ δ', ἐπεὶ νοσοῦντος ἀσθενῇ βίον  
 περονῶν δίκην τᾶρθρ' ἀμπέχειν μόγισ σθένει,  
 ἔρριψεν αὐτόν, δυσφόρως ἄγων νόσον,  
 ὥς φλόξ, ὃ κάμνων φύλακος ἀγκαλῶν ἄπο,  
 οὔτω τάδ' ἄρθρα, πένθεσιν φθαρέντα πρίν,  
 δηχθέντα πένθει κρείσσον' αὐθ' αὐτῶν πέλει.  
 βάκτρευμα τοῖνον ἐρρέτω χλιδῶν τόδε·  
 ἔρκος σιδηροῦν νῦν τι καὶ περισκελές  
 χρή χεῖρα δύνειν· ἐρρέτω δ' ἄβρα κυνῇ·  
 τούτῳ τρυφῶν γὰρ οὐ πρόπει κάρα φύλαξ,  
 νίκη σφριγῶντες οὐ στοχάζονται πρόμοι.

δεῖτ' οὖν σιδήρῳ τὰς ὀφρῦς· προσερπέτω  
 ἥτις κακίστη πρὸς Χρόνου σταλήσεται  
 ὦρα Φθόνου τε, τλήμον' ἀλγυνούσ' ἐμέ.  
 νῦν ἀμπέχοι γῆν οὐρανός, νῦν ἄγριον  
 λύοι φύσις κῦμ', ἐρρέτω δ' εὐκοσμία,

and let this world no longer be a stage  
to feed contention in a lingering act ;  
but let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
on bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
and darkness be the burier of the dead !

SHAKESPEARE.

καὶ μηκέθ' ἢ χθὼν ἐν βροτοῖς ὑπαρχέτω  
θέατρον ᾧ θρέψουσι δηναῖην στάσιν·  
κείνου δέ, πρῶτος χεῖρ' ὅς ἤμαξεν φόνῳ,  
πάντων κρατοίη θυμός, αἵματηρὰ δὲ  
πάντων φρονούντων ὕβρεως ἔλθοι τέλος,  
μέλαινα δ' ἐν βυθοῖσι νύξ θάπτοι νεκρούς.



## VIII.

*The world's a bubble.*

I know that all beneath the moon decays;  
and what by mortals in this world is brought  
in time's great periods shall return to nought;  
that fairest states have fatal nights and days.

I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,  
with toil of sprite that are so dearly bought,  
as idle sounds, of few or none are sought;  
and that nought lighter is than airy praise:

I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,  
to which one morn oft birth and death affords;  
that love a jarring is of mind's accords,  
where sense and will envassal reason's power:

know what I list, this all cannot me move  
but that (O me!) I both must write and love.

W. DRUMMOND.

## VIII.

*Tempus edax rerum.*

Omnia marcescunt, fateor, quorum arbitra Phoebe :  
depereunt hominum facta brevisque labor.  
haec volvenda dies in nilum exacta reducet ;  
res hominum pulchras tempora saeva manent.  
quid, quae divinae caelestia carmina Musae,  
vix animi tanto parta labore creant ?  
sunt paucis curae, sonitus ut honore carentes ;  
nil vanis citius laudibus aura rapit.  
purpureo est similis flori, scio, gratia formae,  
cui vitam una dies excidiumque tulit.  
ipse amor est nobis animi concordia discors,  
qua mentem sensus votaue caeca regunt.  
consciis haec fateor : sed nil me commovet, eheu !  
carmina quin scribam, quin periturus amem.

## IX.

*Spungius—Hircius.*

S. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

H. So am not I; but I am more than famished.

S. All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

H. So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

S. But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, 'Why dost not gape and feed me?'

H. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, 'Why dost thou not lift up meat and cram my chops with it?'

S. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

P. MASSINGER.

## IX.

*Cena hac annona est sine sacris hereditas.*

- S. Nunc in conspectu est initium finis mei;  
ita sum ego inedia paene absumptus.
- H. mihi quidem  
non ita malest sed nimis premor ieiunio.
- S. quin intestinum membra mihi bellum gerunt  
inter se cuncta.
- H. mea quoque hic vexat furor.  
sane videntur posse non placarier,  
nisi a coquo, si tanquam rixanti vigil  
opponit fustem, ita naso hic opponat meo  
sumine oneratum et bubula et agnina veru.
- S. sed in hoc tumultu quantos fremitus excitant!  
venter<sup>1</sup>compellans os, 'quin tu patulo' rogat  
'apertum rictu mihi ministrabis cibum?'
- H. os autem appellans gutture extruso manum  
'quin carnem attollens fauces mihi farcis?' fremit.
- S. tum denique oculis iniciunt pilum manus  
quod non speculantur ne quid evadat cibi.

## X.

*To His Muse.*

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?  
Far safer 'twere to stay at home;  
where thou mayst sit and, piping, please  
the poor and private cottages.  
Since cotes and hamlets best agree  
with this thy meaner minstrelsy.  
There with the reed thou mayst express  
the shepherd's fleecy happiness;  
there on a hillock thou mayst sing  
unto a handsome shepherdling;  
or to a girl that keeps the neat,  
with breath more sweet than violet.  
There, there, perhaps such lines as these  
may take the simple villages;  
but for the court, the country wit  
is despicable unto it.  
Stay then at home, and do not go  
or fly abroad to seek for woe:  
contempts in courts and cities dwell:  
no critic haunts the poor man's cell,  
where thou mayst hear thine own lines read,  
by no one tongue there censuréd.  
That man's unwise will search for ill  
and may prevent it sitting still.

HERRICK.

## X.

*Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.*

Quo demens properas abire virgo?  
multo tutior hic domi lateres,  
qua cesses licet, et canens placebis  
secretis bene pauperum tabernis.  
vici simplicitas rudisque pagi  
pulchre versiculos decet iacentes.  
hic ludens gracili canes avena  
pastorum in stabulis amoenitates.  
hic in colle diem terens aprico  
formoso pecoris canes magistro,  
servantive boum gregem puellae,  
spirans quae violas odore vincit.  
hic forsan leve carmen et iocosum,  
captet pectora pura rusticorum.  
rex et purpurea tyrannus aula  
spernunt ingenium rudis coloni.  
ergo lude domi, foris vagata  
arcessas tibi ne novum dolorem.  
contemptus parat urbs et alta turris,  
at censore casae carent agrestes:  
audire hic proprios modos licebit,  
nec saevam critici timere linguam:  
errat, quisquis adire pergit audax  
quod vitare malum potest sedendo.

## XI.

*The Council in Pandemonium.*

As bees,  
in spring-time when the sun with Taurus rides,  
pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
in clusters; they, among fresh dewes and flowers,  
fly to and fro, or on the smoothéd plank,  
the suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
new rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer  
their state affairs: so thick the aery crowd  
swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,  
behold a wonder! they but now who seemed  
in bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room  
throng numberless, like that pygmean race  
beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves  
whose midnight revels by a forest side  
or fountain some belated peasant sees  
or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance  
intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
at once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

MILTON.

## XI.

*Quam multae glomerantur aves.*

Ac veluti sub vere novo cum Taurus eunti  
offert se soli socium, iam crebra iuventus  
errat apum vicina favis, glomeratque cohortes;  
iamque novos inter flores et roscida prata  
huc illuc dubiae volitant, tabulasque recentes  
flumine balsameo invisunt, quis cingitur arcis  
stramineae tholus, et longo sermone volutant  
res populi: aërius sic nunc exercitus orbes  
fertur in exiguos, donec (mirabile visu!),  
signa simul resonant, genus exsuperare Gigantum  
quam modo dixisses, contracto corpore turba  
angustisque immensa locis apparet; ut Indis  
Pygmaeas est fama iugis habitare catervas,  
aut Lemurum similes, quorum sub nocte profunda  
aut videt aut vidisse epulas se credit arator  
avius: in celso ludi sedet arbitra caelo  
luna super, propior terris dum pallida cursu  
torquet iter: choreas illi et sua gaudia curant,  
dulcibus attonitas mulcentes cantibus aures:  
laetitia huic haurit mixta formidine pectus.



## XII.

*Sabrina fair.*

Sabrina fair,  
listen where thou art sitting  
under the glassy cool, translucent wave,  
in twisted braids of lilies knitting  
the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:  
listen for dear honour's sake,  
goddess of the silver lake;  
          listen and save!  
listen and appear to us,  
in name of great Oceanus;  
by the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
and Tethys' grave majestic pace;  
by hoary Nereus' wrinkled look;  
and the Carpathian wizard's hook;  
by scaly Triton's winding shell,  
and old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;  
by Leucothea's lovely hands,  
and her son that rules the strands;  
by Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,  
and the songs of siren's sweet;

## XII.

*Adsis Naiadum pulcherrima.*

νύμφη κλύε μου, δία Σαβρίνη,  
 νῦν ἔνθ' ὑάλου νέρθε φαινοῦ  
 ψυχρῶν ποταμῶν ἔδος ἴσχεις,  
 καὶ ξυνφαίνεις ξανθῶν χαίτην  
 πλοκάμων οἷσιν λείρι' ἐνείρεις,  
 κλύε δὴ λίμνης ἀργυροειδοῦς  
 δέσποιν', ἡμᾶς ὥστε χάριν σῆς  
 ἀγαθῆς δόξης ἀποσῶσαι·  
 κλύε καὶ φαίνου, πρὸς σ' Ὀκεανοῦ  
 λισσόμεθ' εὐρέος ἀγνῶν ποταμῶν,  
 καὶ πρὸς σκήπτρων ἁλίου δαίμονος  
 Ἐννοσιγαίου·  
 πρὸς τῆς Τήθους ἱερᾶς βάσεως  
 καὶ πρὸς πολίου πρέσβεως ῥυτίδων,  
 πρὸς τ' ἀγκίστρου τοῦ Καρπαθίου  
 μάντεως, κόχλων θ' οὖς λεπιδωτὸς  
 Τρίτων λιγέως ἀναφυσᾷ·  
 πρὸς δ' εἴ τιν' ἔχει Γλαῦκος ἐπωδὴν,  
 εἰ Λευκοθέας χεῖρες ἐρανναί,  
 χῶ φίλος υἱὸς ψαμάθων ἄρχει,

by dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
and fair Ligea's golden comb,  
wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
sleeking her soft alluring locks;  
by all the nymphs that nightly dance  
upon thy streams with wily glance;  
rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
from thy coral-paven bed,  
and bridle in thy headlong wave,  
till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save!

MILTON.

χή θέτις ἄργοις ποσὶ λάμπει·  
πρὸς Σειρήνων γλυκερᾶς ῥόδῃς  
πρὸς σοῦ μνήματος, ὦ Παρθενόπη,  
τῆς τε Λιγείας κτενὸς εὐχρύσου  
τῆς ἐν πέτραισι καθεζομένης  
ταῖσι φαειναῖς, ἧ τοὺς ἐρατοὺς  
κοσμεί πλοκάμους· πρὸς τῶν Νυμφῶν  
αἱ παννύχαι παρὰ τοῖς ποταμοῖς  
δόλι' ἀθροῦσαι χρόρον οἰχνοῦσιν,  
δέσποιν' ἀναδῦσ' ἐπιβαίης·  
καὶ ῥοδόεσσαν κεφαλὴν ὀρθοῦσ'  
ἀπὸ τῶν λεχέων, προπετῇ παῦσον  
κύμαθ' ἕως ἂν τοὺς σε καλοῦντας  
σώτεια φανείσ' ἀπολύσης.

## XIII.

*Exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness.*

Yet not the more  
cease I to wander where the muses haunt  
clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
that wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget  
those other two equalled with me in fate,  
so were I equalled with them in renown,  
blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,  
and Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:  
then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
seasons return, but not to me returns  
day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

## XIII.

*σκότον δεδορκώς.*

Non Musarum igitur latebras, iuga collis aprici  
umbrosum nemus aut clari penetralia fontis,  
absisto peragrarē, sacri percussus amore  
carminis: at Sion te primam, et si qua profuso  
flore decens praeter tua moenia murmurat unda  
sacratosque pedes adspersit rore, reviso  
quotquot eunt noctes: mentique occurrit imago  
interea simili victorum volnere vatum,  
(quis utinam, ut fato, sic par quoque nominis alti  
laude forem), Thamyrisque et Homerus luminis exsors  
Tiresiaeque subit Phineique ingrata senectus.

plurima sic meditans pascor; meditante canori  
sponte fluunt numeri, sicut vigil arte nigrantem  
fallit avis noctem, quaque est densissima frondis  
umbra nemus cantu nocturno concitat: annus  
sic trahit orbe vices: mihi sed non ulla diei  
sors trahitur: non nox, non grato Lucifer ortu,  
non aestate rosae, non gemmae vere tumentes,

or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
but cloud instead, and ever-during dark,  
surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
presented with a universal blank  
of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
and wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light  
shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

non pecorum visus redit, aut referentia divos  
ora virum: sed me nubes tenebraeque perennes  
concludunt, et laeta hominum commercia rumpunt  
occursusque leves: mihi non, ceu pagina libri,  
iam natura patet: vacat omni daedala signo  
charta, neque obscuros promit Natura labores;  
hac porta depulsa refert sapientia gressus.  
ergo illustra animum, lux o divina, neque intro  
cessa ferre iubar; radiis caelestibus imple  
ingenium: huc inmitte oculos, nubemque molestam  
sparge procul tenebrasque fuga: sic cernere possim  
sepositosque loqui mortali a lumine visus.



## XIV.

*For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
for queen a very caitiff crown'd with care.*

Nor envy we  
thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;  
'tis thine, O king, the afflicted to redress,  
and fame hath filled the world with thy success:  
we wretched women sue for that alone  
which of thy goodness is refused to none;  
let fall some drops of pity on our grief,  
if what we beg be just and we deserve relief;  
for none of us, who now thy grace implore,  
but held the rank of sovereign queen before;  
till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears  
that mortal bliss should last for length of years,  
she cast us headlong from our high estate,  
and here in hopes of thy return we wait  
and long have waited in thy temple high,  
built to the gracious goddess Clemency.  
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,  
relieve the oppressed and wipe the widow's tears:  
I, wretched I, have other fortunes seen,  
the wife of Capaneus, and once a queen.

DRYDEN.

## XIV.

φθονεραὶ ἐκ θεῶν μετατροπῖαι.

οὐ σοὶ τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομα δυσχερεῖ φρενὶ  
 φθονοῦμεν, ὦναξ, οὔτε τὴν νίκην, ἐπεὶ  
 τιμωρὸς ἦκεις τοῖσιν ἡδικημένοις,  
 ἔργον δὲ τελέσας ἐν βροτοῖς ἔχεις κλέος.  
 ἡμεῖς γυναῖκες ἄθλῃαι τόδ' ἐν μόνον  
 ζητοῦμεν οἶον πᾶσιν ἀξιοῖς φέρειν·  
 οἴκτου τιν' ἡμῖν δεῖ σ' ἐπιστάζειν ροὴν  
 αἰτουμέναις δίκαια κοῦκ ἀνάξια·  
 χάριν γὰρ ἡμεῖς αἵπερ εὐχόμεσθα σὴν  
 πᾶσαι βασιλίδων μοῖραν εἶχομεν τὸ πρῖν.  
 Τύχη δ' αἰὲ φθονοῦσα δυστήνους βροτοὺς  
 εὐδαιμονίζειν δαρὸν, εὖστροφος θεά,  
 ἔσφηλεν ἡμᾶς κἀνεχαίτισ' ἐξ ἔδρας·  
 ἀνθ' ὧν μένουσαι νῦν πάλαι καθήμεθα  
 βωμοῖσι πρὸς τοῖσδ', ἥνπερ ἀξιοῖς μολεῖν·  
 ναίει γὰρ Αἰδοῦς ἐνθάδ' ἴλεων κράτος,  
 σέ δ' αὖ σέβειν δεῖ τὴν ἐπώνυμον θεὰν  
 δειλοῖσιν ὠφελοῦντα καὶ χήραις πικρῶν  
 παύοντα πηγὰς δακρύων· καὶ γὰρ τύχην  
 ἐναντίαν πότ' εἶδον ἢ τάλαινα νῦν  
 ἀνασσα πρόσθεν οὔσα, Καπάνεως δάμαρ.

## XV.

*Just Death, the umpire of men's miseries.*

To die is landing on some distant shore  
where billows never break nor tempests roar :  
ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.  
The wise through thought the insults of death defy,  
the fools through blessed insensibility.  
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave,  
sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave ;  
it eases lovers, sets the captive free,  
and though a tyrant, offers liberty.

S. GARTH.

## XV.

*Mors ultima linea rerum.*

τὸ κατθανεῖν τοιῷδέ τῳ προσεικάξω,  
ὥς εἰ κατῆλθεν ἡσυχόν τις εἰς ἀκτὴν,  
ἔνθ' οὐ θνελλῶν οὔτε κυμάτων ἡχή·  
πρὶν γάρ τι πάσχειν, οἷχεται φίλη πληγή.  
μόρου βολὰς φεύγουσιν οἱ σοφοὶ γνώμαις,  
ὁ μῶρος ἠτύχησεν ὧν ἀνάληγτος.  
μόρον κακοὶ τρέμουσ', ὁ δ' εὐσεβὴς ζητεῖ,  
αἰτεῖ δ' ὁ δειλός, ἀγαθὸς δ' ἔχει νικᾶν.  
λύει δ' ἐραστὰς ἐξάγει τε δεσμώτας  
οὗτος, τύραννός τ' ὧν ἐλευθέρους ποιεῖ.

## XVI.

*The proper study of mankind.*

Awake my St. John ! leave all meaner things  
to low ambition, and the pride of kings.  
Let us, (since Life can little more supply  
than just to look about us and to die,)  
expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;  
a mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;  
a wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot ;  
or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.  
together let us beat this ample field,  
try what the open, what the covert yield ;  
the latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;  
eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,  
and catch the manners living as they rise ;  
laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;  
but vindicate the ways of God to Man.

POPE.

## XVI.

*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

Rumpe moras, pectusque tuum maioribus apta :  
sint avidis curae sint inferiora tyrannis.  
et quoniam nobis praesentia cernere tantum  
vita dedit brevis et mortem cernentibus offert,  
quicquid agunt homines nunc experiamur ; et ingens  
quo penetremus erit, sed non incondita, moles.  
an deserta vocem mixtis ubi gramina surgunt  
floribus ? an vetitis fallentem fructibus hortum ?  
protinus in vastis operumque feracibus agris  
quid dumeta ferant praedae, quid aperta locorum,  
quaeramus ; iuga celsa simul tractusque latentes,  
qua caeci volitant, qua cassi lumine serpunt,  
exploranda : animum Natura moretur in omnes  
versa modos ; figamus, uti sub nube volucrem,  
stultitiam telis ; ludentes aequore summo  
captemus mores hominum ; quacunque necesse est  
ridiculo, verbis, ubi fas, utamur apertis,  
aequa homini si forte Deum decreta probemus.

## XVII.

*The Castle of Indolence.*

Was nought around but images of rest :  
sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
and flowery beds, that slumberous influence kest,  
from poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,  
where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played  
and hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;  
that as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
a sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;  
where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
as Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood :  
and up the hills, on either side, a wood  
of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood :  
and where this valley winded out below,  
the murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,  
to flow.

THOMSON.

## XVII.

*qua desidis atrix somni  
securumque larem segnis natura locavit.*

Nil aderat circa nisi grata quietis imago :  
somnia luci et saltus patuere quieti  
vimque soporiferam iecere papavera late  
disposita ordinibus nitidis ; et amoena virebant  
prata neque obsceno serpentum sordida lapsu.  
innumeri interea visi prope ludere fontes  
et splendentis aquae late iactare nitorem,  
dumque ruunt saltusque inter luctantur apricos  
ipsi solliciti blandum fecere susurrum.

valle sed in media supra venientibus obstat  
triste silens nemus et dumis horrentibus atrum,  
qua procul umbrarum (quas finxit Inertia somno  
pressa gravi) tenues volitabant undique formae.  
hic quoque per colles utraque a parte videres  
nigrantes pinus, semper nutantia vento  
bracchia, quae rigidum misere per ossa pavorem :  
denique, qua vallis sese explicat ima, sonantem  
vix maris acciperes attentis auribus aestum.



## XVIII.

*The Swiss Peasant.*

No product here the barren hills afford  
but man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;  
no vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
but winter lingering chills the lap of May.  
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
redress the clime and all its rage disarm :  
though poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,  
he sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
to shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
with patient angle trolls the finny deep ;  
or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;  
at night returning, every labour sped,  
he sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;  
smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
his children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;  
and haply too some pilgrim thither led  
with many a tale repays the nightly bed.

GOLDSMITH.

## XVIII.

*Proles Sabellis docta ligonibus versare glebas.*

Non segetem sterilis regio parit, aspera clivis,  
sed fecunda virum est, nec negat arma viris.  
non illic vernum decus ornat inertia saxa,  
sera sed in Mai pectore friget hiems.  
mens contenta tamen facit haec leviora ferendo,  
sic grave fit caelum mitius, ira cadit.  
mensa brevis, tuguri sors est haud magna colono;  
scit tamen hac omnes condicione frui.  
non vastas moles, aequata palatia caelo,  
artae probra domus invidiamque videt.  
exiguos hilaris somnos abrumpit et auram  
mane bibens acrem carmine fallit iter.  
piscosa assiduis modo flumina verberat hamis,  
vomere aut audax per iuga pellit onus.  
nocte domum rediens exacto fine laborum  
ipse sedet propriae rex dominusque casae.  
ignibus adpositus ridet, mediusque suorum  
laeta relucenti conspicit ora foco.  
forsan et hic sua facta crepat fandoque meretur  
advena nocturni munera grata tori.

## XIX.

*To lie in cold obstruction and to rot.*

Suns that set, and moons that wane  
rise and are restored again :  
stars, that orient day subdues,  
night at her return renews ;  
herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth  
of the genial womb of earth,  
suffer but a transient death  
from the winter's cruel breath :  
zephyr speaks ; serener skies  
warm the glebe, and they arise.  
We, alas ! earth's haughty kings,  
we that promise mighty things,  
losing soon life's happy prime,  
droop and fade in little time.  
Spring returns, but not our bloom ;  
still 'tis winter in the tomb.

COWPER.

## XIX.

*Soles occidere et redire possunt.*

φθίνει σελήνη, λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος  
δύνει θαλάσση καὶ τελειοῦται πάλιν·  
τοὺς δ' ἀστέρας δαμέντας ἡμέρας βολαῖς  
ἢ νύξ ἀνελθοῦσ' οὐρανῷ κατῴκισεν·  
ἄνθη δὲ καὶ δένδρ', εὐπρεπῇ βλαστήματα  
Χθονός, γλυκείας μητρός, ἐς βραχὺν χρόνον  
μαραίνεται χειμῶνος ἀγρίαις πνοαῖς·  
ὅταν δὲ θάλλῃ Ζέφυρος εὐμενεστέραις  
ἄρουραν αὔραις, εὐθὺς ἀντέλλει πέδου.  
ἡμεῖς δὲ γῆς ἄνακτες, ἐξωγκωμένοι,  
πρόσχημ' ἔχοντες σεμνόν, εὐτυχῇ βίου  
ἀκμὴν λιπόντες, θᾶσσον ἐξηνηθότες  
αὐαινόμεσθ', οὐδ' ἄνθος ἠβήσει ποτὲ  
φανέντος ἥρος, εἰσαεὶ δ' ὁ παγκρατὴς  
τύμβου λιμὴν χειμῶνα καὶ κνέφας στέγει.

## XX.

*The sacred name of Friend.*

Oh Friendship, cordial of the human breast,  
so little felt, so fervently professed !  
thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years ;  
the promise of delicious fruit appears :  
but soon, alas, we find the rash mistake  
that sanguine inexperience loves to make,  
and view with tears the expected harvest lost,  
decayed by time or withered by a frost.  
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part  
should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,  
prepared for martyrdom and strong to prove  
a thousand ways the force of genuine love.  
He may be called to give up health and gain,  
to exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,  
to echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,  
and wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.  
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,  
when most relied on, is most sure to fail ;  
and, summoned to partake its fellow's woe,  
starts from its office, like a broken bow.

COWPER.

## XX.

*Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.*

Pectoris humani praesens medicina malorum,  
quam multi simulant, unus et alter habet.  
exornas nitidos labentes floribus annos,  
promittens fructus mox fore dives onus.  
protinus ante oculos patet exitiabilis error,  
qualis inexpertum fallere pectus amat.  
amissae ploramus enim dispendia messis,  
tempore seu marcet sive perusta gelu.  
qui digne magnas partes adsumet amici  
integer ingenio, pectore purus erit :  
immerita gaudens occumbere morte docebit  
mille modis quali compede iungat amor.  
forsan enim linquenda salus et gaudia lucri ;  
mutabit curis otia, laeta malis.  
excipiet lacrimas lacrimis, gemitumque gemendo ;  
rorabit tristes non sua cura genas.  
eheu, corda virum tanto vix aequa labori !  
defecere magis, quae magis apta putes.  
quique audit socii voces in dura vocantis,  
arcus uti fragilis, deserit officium.

## XXI.

*Just reason based on valiant blood.*

MAX. Hey! noble minister, you miss your part;  
you came not here to act a panegyric.  
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us.—  
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO. He comes from court, where people are  
not quite  
so well contented with the duke, as here.

MAX. What now have they contrived to find out  
in him?

That he alone determines for himself  
what he himself alone doth understand?  
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.  
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing  
that can be struck and hammered out to suit  
another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance  
to every tune of every minister.  
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.  
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,  
and his too is the station of command.  
And well for us it is so! There exist

## XXI.

ὁ φύσει ἀρχικός.

- Μ.** ἡμαρτες, ὦ κράτιστε, τοῦ συνθήματος,  
οὐ δεῦρο γὰρ παρῆλθες ὡς ἐπαινέσων  
πεμφθεὶς δὲ μομφῇ καπὶ νείκεσιν κυρεῖς,  
εὖ οἶδ'· ἐταίρους δ' οὐκ ἐμοὶ πρέπει φθάσαι.
- Ο.** ἀλλ' ἦλθ' ἀπ' οἴκων βασιλικῶν, ἵν' οὐ πρόμον  
οὕτω φιλοῦσιν ἄνδρες ὥσπερ ἐνθάδε.
- Μ.** κείνῳ δὲ ποίαν αἰτίαν θηρώμενοι  
ἐξηῦρον; ἂρ' ὡς αὐτὸς ἀξεπίσταται  
μόνος, μόνον τῶνδ' αὐτὸν ἴστησιν κριτὴν;  
ὀρθῶς μὲν οὖν ποιεῖ τάδ', οὐδὲ παύσεται.  
οὐ γάρ τι μαλακὸν ἐξέφυσέ νιν θεὸς  
οἶον δύναιτ' ἂν ἄλλος ἐκτυποῦν βροτῶν  
πληγαῖσιν ὡς θέλοι τις, οὐδὲ προστατῶν  
πάντων ὑπαὶ σύριγξιν ὀρχεῖσθαι θέλει·  
οὐ τοῦτ' ἔχει δρᾶν, ἢ φύσις δ' ἀνθίσταται.  
ὀργὴ γάρ ἐστιν ἢ φιλοῦσ' ἀρχηγετεῖν,  
αὐτὸς δ' ἔχει τὴν τάξιν ὡς ἀρχηγετοῦ.  
καὶ δὴ τόδ' εὐτυχοῦμεν· ὡς παύρους ὀρῶ  
οἴους θ' ἐαυτῶν εὖ κρατεῖν, παύρους δ' ἅμα  
τοὺς τὴν φρενῶν ἄρουραν εὖ καρπομένους·



few fit to rule themselves, but few that use  
their intellects intelligently.—Then  
well for the whole if there be found a man,  
who makes himself what nature destined him,  
the pause, the central point to thousand thousands—  
stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,  
where all may press with joy and confidence.  
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if  
another better suits the court—no other  
but such a one as he can serve the army.

SCHILLER (*Wallenstein*).—Coleridge's Translation.

ὥστ' εὐτυχεῖ τὰ κοινὰ τοιοῦτόν τινας  
ποιούντος αὐτὸν οἶον ἤθελ' ἡ φύσις,  
κοινὸν θέαμα μυρίων θ' ἔρκος βροτῶν—  
εἰ σεμνὸς ἔσση κάμπεδος, στύλου δίκην  
πρὸς ὃν δύναιτ' ἂν πάντες εὖ πεποιθότες  
φαιδροί τ' ἐρείδειν τῷδ' ἔοικέ τοι πρόμος·  
τὰ τῶν κρατούντων δ' εἴ τινα στέργει πλέον,  
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως τις ἄλλος ἀρκέσει στρατῷ.

## XXII.

*Fitz-Eustace's Song.*

Where shall the lover rest,  
whom the fates sever  
from his true maiden's breast,  
parted for ever?  
Where, through groves deep and high  
sounds the far billow,  
where early violets die  
under the willow—  
Eleu loro,  
soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day  
cool streams are laving;  
there, while the tempests sway  
scarce are boughs waving;  
there thy rest shalt thou take,  
parted for ever,  
never again to wake,  
never, O never!  
Eleu loro,  
never, O never!

## XXII.

*Grande nefas et morte piandum.*

Dic quibus terrae latebris amanti  
sit' quies, carae gremio puellae  
quem procul iussu miserum perenni  
fata relegant ?  
qua nigras longe nemorum per umbras  
fluctuum fertur sonus, atque primi  
pallida flores violae in salictis  
morte domantur ;  
qua per aestivi radios diei  
frigidi manant latices, neque Euri  
dum furit vis saeva tremit caducis  
frondibus arbor ;  
hic et aeternam capies quietem,  
nec tibi spes est reditus, sed eheu !  
tristis immensusque sopor per omnes  
opprimet annos.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
    he, the deceiver,  
who could win maiden's breast,  
    ruin and leave her ?  
In the lost battle,  
    borne down by the flying,  
where mingles war's rattle  
    with groans of the dying,  
    Eleu loro,  
    there shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
    o'er the falsehearted ;  
his warm blood the wolf shall lap  
    ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonour sit  
    by his grave ever ;  
blessing shall hallow it,—  
    never, O never !  
    Eleu loro,  
    never, O never !

SIR W. SCOTT.

dic quibus terris habeat quietem  
perfidus, qui fraude mala puellae  
audet accensum maculare pectus

labe relicta ?

proelio procumbet inauspicato,  
qua ruunt victi, strepitusque pugnae  
miscet horrendas pereuntis aegro

volnere voces.

praepetes illic aquilae iacentis  
perfidum supra caput imminebunt,  
hauriet vivi calidum luporum

turba cruorem.

incubat Probrum, socius sepulcro :

Dedecus custos vigil adsidebit ;

nec sibi terrae locus iste sacros

poscat honores !

## XXIII.

*Nature's soft nurse.*

Sweet sleep that loves the cottar's hut  
beyond the baron's hall,  
sweet sleep that hears the peasant's prayer  
nor heeds the monarch's call!  
Yet sternly just—where guilty care  
doth rack the conscious breast,  
thou shed'st no genial influence there,  
thou giv'st no placid rest.  
Freely thou roam'st o'er hill and vale,  
thy presence none control,  
but whomsoe'er thou visit'st not,  
heaven save the wretched soul.

SOUTHEY.

## XXIII.

*Pax animi quem cura fugit.*

Alme sopor, tecto gaudes qui paupere, vitas  
    potentiorum limina,  
alme sopor, qui pura exaudis vota coloni,  
    superba regum negligis ;  
aequus ades rectique memor, nam conscia fraudis  
    qua pectora invadit metus,  
illic non placidam diffundis nocte quietem,  
    sed vim benignam denegas.  
liber amas valles et per iuga celsa vagari,  
    nullo regente semitam ;  
ter miser est, et opis superum praesentis egenus  
    cui munus invides tuum.



## XXIV.

*To Contemplation.*

I view thee on the calmy shore,  
when ocean stills his waves to rest ;  
or when slow moving on the surges hoar  
meet with deep hollow roar  
and whiten o'er his breast ;  
and when the moon with softer radiance gleams,  
and lovelier heave the billows in her beams,  
when the low gales of evening moan along,  
I love with thee to feel the calm cool breeze,  
and roam the pathless forest wilds among,  
listening the mellow murmur of the trees  
full foliaged, as they lift their arms on high  
and wave their shadowy heads in wildest melody.

SOUTHEY.

## XXIV.

*Per amica silentia Lunae.*

Te sub margine litoris,  
    si quando Oceanus straverit aequora,  
cerno : te quoties freta  
    raucum et triste sonant, quas gravis impetus  
in pugnam rapuit : simul  
    fulgor per tumidos candidus it sinus.  
cum lunae levioribus  
    affulsit radiis lumen, et integrum  
surgenti decus addidit  
    ponto, semper ades ; cum Zephyri gemunt  
leni tempore vespers,  
    tecum sub gelido flamine in avios  
lucos vertor, ubi in novis  
    spirat molle comis murmur, et arbores  
tollunt bracchia, vel fero  
    umbrosos quatiunt carmine vertices.

## XXV.

*Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream.*

Oft in the stilly night  
ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
fond Memory brings the light  
of other days around me :  
the smiles, the tears  
of boyhood's years,  
the words of love then spoken ;  
the eyes that shone,  
now dimmed and gone,  
the cheerful hearts now broken !  
Thus in the stilly night  
ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
sad Memory brings the light  
of other days around me.

When I remember all  
the friends so linked together  
I've seen around me fall  
like leaves in wintry weather,

## XXV.

ἐν νυκτὶ φροντίδων μέρος.

μεσονυκτίοις ἐν ὥραις  
 πρὶν ἔχειν πέδαισί μ' ὕπνον  
 γλυκερὰ θάμ' ὤρσε φροντὶς  
 σέλας ἡμερῶν παλαιῶν.  
 τόθ' ὅσον πρὶν ἦν κόρῳ μοι  
 δακρύων τε καὶ γέλωτος  
 ἐσορῶ, λόγους τ' ἐρώντων.  
 φαός ὀμμάτων ἀνῆλθε  
 θανάτῳ τὸ νῦν ἀμαυρῶν,  
 κραδιῶν τε νῦν δαμεισῶν.

θάμα νυκτὸς ᾧδ' ἐν ὥραις  
 πρὶν ἔχειν πέδαισί μ' ὕπνον,  
 δακέθυμος ὤρσε φροντὶς  
 φαός ἡμερῶν παλαιῶν.

ὅτε δ' αὖ φίλους ἀριθμῶ  
 πρὶν ἔρωτι συνδεθέντας  
 περὶ μ' οὓς πεσόντας εἶδον  
 πέταλ' ὥς ἔσεισε χειμῶν,

I feel like one  
who treads alone  
some banquet-hall deserted,  
whose lights are fled,  
whose garlands dead,  
and all but he departed !  
Thus in the stilly night  
ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
sad Memory brings the light  
of other days around me.

MOORE.

τότε δὴ δοκῶ μονωθεὶς  
μέλαθρ' ἐμπατεῖν ἐρῆμα,  
ἵνα πᾶσα λαμπὰς ἔσβη,  
στέφανοί τε πάντες αἶοι,  
ἔφυγεν δ' ὄμιλος ἀνδρῶν.

θάμα νυκτὸς ὦδ' ἐν ὥραις  
πρὶν ἔχειν πέδαισί μ' ὕπνον  
δακέθυμος ὤρσε φροντὶς  
φάος ἡμερῶν παλαιῶν.

## XXVI.

*An habitation of dragons, and a court for owls.*

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,  
mourn, widowed Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !  
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,  
where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ;  
while suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,  
and wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?  
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?  
where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?  
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;  
no suppliant nations in thy temple wait ;  
no prophet bards, the glittering courts among,  
wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song :  
but lawless Force and meagre Want are there,  
and the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,  
while cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,  
folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

HEBER.

## XXVI.

*Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium.*

Rapta progenie, atque hostilibus obsita turmis  
nominis infandum ! et regni viduata prioris  
illacrima, Sion : talisne, gravissima luctu  
moenia, vestra iacet sedes sub rupibus altis,  
urit ubi infausto sol fervidus omnia telo,  
defessisque via rari solatia fontes  
suppeditant ? ubi pompa decens quae regibus olim  
invidiae fuit, aut, cui concessere, potestas ?  
iam non innumerae glomerant in bella catervae  
ad portas : iam non stipantur limina templi  
supplicibus populis : iam non adstare videmus  
aedibus in nitidis vates neque tangere dulcis  
fila lyrae, aut plenos superis accendere cantus.  
sed Vis hic effrena sedet, sed tristis Egestas,  
et Timor huc illuc rapido vaga lumina motu  
torquet, et in lapso murorum hederaeque sub umbra  
frigida marcentes claudunt Oblivia pennas.



## XXVII.

*Marino Faliero.*

Noble Venetians ! stir me not with questions ;  
I am resign'd to the worst ; but in me still  
have something of the blood of brighter days,  
and am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me  
further interrogation, which boots nothing,  
except to turn a trial to debate.

I shall but answer that which will offend you,  
and please your enemies—a host already ;  
'tis true, these sullen walls should yield no echo :  
but walls have ears—nay more, they have tongues ;  
and if

there were no other way for truth to o'erleap them,  
you who condemn me, you who fear and slay me,  
yet could not bear in silence to your graves  
what you would hear from me of good or evil ;  
the secret were too mighty for your souls :  
then let it sleep in mine, unless you court  
a danger which would double that you escape.  
Such my defence would be, had I full scope  
to make it famous ; for true *words* are *things*,  
and dying men's are things which long outlive,  
and oftentimes avenge them.

BYRON.

## XXVII.

*Deliberata morte ferocior.*

ἄνδρες εὐγενεῖς Ἀχαιῶν, μὴ λόγοις μ' ὀργίζετε·  
 ἀξιώ παθεῖν κάκιστα· νῦν δ' ὅμως—ἀφ' αἵματος  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐξίτηλός ἐσθ' ὁ πρόσθεν εὐτυχῆς χρόνος—  
 οὐκ ἔφυν ἄγαν ταλαίφρων· τοιγαροῦν φείδεσθέ μου,  
 πλείοσιν λόγοις ἐρευνᾶν· συμφέρεي γὰρ οὐδαμῶς  
 ᾧδε τὴν κρίσιν προβαίνειν ἐς λόγων ἀκοσμίαν.  
 ἀντερῶ γὰρ οὐδὲν ὑμῖν πλὴν ἃ δυσχερῇ κλύειν,  
 μυρίοις δ' ἤδη φανέισι πολεμίοις χαρὰν φέρει.  
 χρῆν ἴσως σκυθρωπὰ τείχη μηδὲν ἀντηχεῖν λόγοις·  
 τείχεσιν δ' ἄρ' ᾧθ' ὑπάρχει γλῶσσά τ' ἔστι· καὶ τὰδε  
 μῆδαμῶς τὰληθὲς ἄλλως εἰ δύναιθ' ὑπερβορεῖν,  
 ἀλλὰ γ' ὑμεῖς οἳ δικάζεθ', οἳ φόβῳ μ' ἐναίρετε,  
 οὔ ποτ' ἂν δύναισθε σιγῇ πρὸς σκότον τύμβου φέρειν  
 πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ κλύοιτ' ἄν, ἐσθλὰ καὶ τάναντία.  
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ τὸ κρυπτὸν ὑμῖν μείζον ἢ σιγῇ λαβεῖν,  
 ἐνθάδ' εὖ λάθοι καθεῦδον· μηδέ πως πηγὴν κακῶν  
 χεῖρον' ἐξεύρεσθε ταύτης ἣν φυγεῖν ταχύνετε.  
 ταῦτ' ἐγὼ δίκαι' ἔχοιμ' ἄν, καιρὸς εἰ γένοιτό μοι,  
 πάντα τῇ πόλει προφαίνειν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς οὐδὲν λόγοι  
 οἳ γ' ἐτήτυμοι παρῆλθον· οἳ δὲ τῶν θανουμένων  
 δαρὸν ἐμμένουσ', ἄγοντες πολλάκις τιμωρίαν.

## XXVIII.

*To the River Po.*

River, that rollest by the ancient walls  
where dwells the lady of my love, when she  
walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls  
a faint and fleeting memory of me ;  
what if thy deep and ample stream should be  
a mirror of my heart, where she may read  
the thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,  
wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed ?  
The current I behold will sweep beneath  
her native walls, and murmur at her feet ;  
her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe  
the twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.  
Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—  
yes ! they will meet the wave I gaze on now :  
mine cannot witness, even in a dream,  
that happy wave repass me in its flow !  
The wave that bears my tears returns no more :  
will she return by whom that wave shall sweep ?—  
both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,  
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

BYRON.

## XXVIII.

*Ad Padum Flumen.*

Amnis, ad antiquas rapido qui laberis arces  
flumine, quas habitat Cynthia, noster amor;  
illa levem si mente mei non immemor umbram  
senserit, ad ripas forte vagata tuas,  
nonne mei velut in speculis referetur imago  
cordis, ubi vasto gurgite volvis aquas?  
sic mandata tuo leget haec arcana fluento,  
quae superant fluctus effera praecipites!  
quem nunc prospicio fluvium mox nota subibit  
moenia; dilectae mox strepet ante pedes.  
vespere te spectans gelida recreabitur aura,  
ignibus aestivi non violata canis.  
illius alma tuo reddentur lumina fluctu;  
quae me praetereunt illa videbit aquas.  
me non versa retro felicia flumina visent:  
non sopor hoc curis ipse levamen habet.  
non lacrimis onerata meis huc unda redibit:  
anne redit cuius sparserit unda pedes?  
lustrat uterque tuas ripas et tingitur amne:  
ipse tuis propior fontibus, illa mari.

## XXIX.

*After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.*

There was a poet whose untimely tomb  
no human hands with pious reverence reared,  
but the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness ;  
a lovely youth—no mourning maiden decked  
with weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath  
the lone couch of his everlasting sleep :  
gentle and brave and generous, no lorn bard  
breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :  
he lived, he died, he sang in solitude.

Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
and virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined  
and wasted for fond love of his wild eyes :  
the fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
and Silence, too enamoured of that voice,  
locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

SHELLEY.

## XXIX.

*ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*

Vatem cum raperet mors immatura, sepulcri  
nulla tulit iustum comitis reverentia munus.  
sed furor autumni magicosque trahentia gyros  
flamina deserto in tractu marcentia ducunt  
pyramidis marcente coma super ossa figuram.  
insignem forma iuvenem non flore puellae  
lugubri aut sacra curant ornare cupresso,  
solus ubi aeterno laxavit membra sopore.  
heu, fortem ingenuamque animam pectusque benignum!  
vox haud ulla sonat tristi tua funera versu;  
solus eras leto, vitaeque et carmine solus.  
saepe feri cantus flebat dulcedine tactus  
advena: et ignarae quisnam foret ille puellae  
praetereunte viro fera deperiere tuendo  
lumina; sed blandis iam pridem exhausta quievit  
flamma oculis, caramque amplexa silentia vocem  
horrendo tacitos urgent in carcere cantus.

## XXX.

*Breathing mysterious motions of the Soul.*

Beside the grassy shore  
of the small stream he went ; he did impress  
on the green moss his tremulous step, that caught  
strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one  
roused by some joyous madness from the couch  
of fever, he did move ; yet, not like him,  
forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame  
of his frail exultation shall be spent,  
he must descend. With rapid steps he went  
beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
of the wild babbling rivulet ; and now  
the forest's solemn canopies were changed  
for the uniform and lightsome evening sky.  
Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss, or stemmed  
the struggling brook : tall spires of windlestrae  
threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,  
and nought but gnarléd roots of ancient pines,  
branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots  
the unwilling soil.

SHELLEY.

## XXX.

*ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων.*

Fluminis exigui florentem gramine ripam  
percurrit, viridi figens vestigia musco,  
quae quassa ingenti membrorum ardore tremescunt.  
ibat uti quem febre gravem male sana voluptas  
excitat e lecto; verum infelicior illo,  
quod memor est Orci, quo mox, ubi flamma quiêrit,  
horaque laetitiae brevis elabetur, eundum est.  
sic gressu rapido luci properabat in umbris  
saeva susurrantem ad fluvium: iamque horrida silvae  
tectâ relinquebat, caeloque evadit aperto,  
quod splendens aequa lustrabat lampade vesper.  
glauca hic vix tenui musco celante videres  
saxa reluctantem rivi cohibentia cursum:  
hic umbram graciles procero vertice lappae  
proiciunt sterili clivo, nodosaeque moles  
antiquae pinus, cui bracchia fulmen ademit,  
infixis terrae penitus radicibus haeret.



## XXXI.

*Chorus from Hellas.*

The world's great age begins anew,  
the golden years return,  
the earth doth like a snake renew  
her winter weeds outworn :  
heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
from waves serener far ;  
a new Peneus rolls its fountains  
against the morning-star.  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main  
fraught with a later prize ;  
another Orpheus sings again,  
and loves, and weeps, and dies.  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.

SHELLEY.

## XXXI.

*Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.*

En magna prisca laude renascitur  
aetas ; revertunt aurea saecula ;  
iam terra serpentis renidet  
exuvias recreantis instar ;  
iam ridet aether post hiemis minas,  
divomque cultus ceu leve somnium  
vanescit, et regum fugaci  
dispereunt monumenta lapsu.  
iam tollit arces Graecia pulchrior  
tranquilliores inter aquas ; recens  
Peneus irrorans Eoum  
fonte novo madefecit astrum.  
hic laeta Tempe clarius enitent,  
cinctaeque aprico marmore Cyclades ;  
Argo iam pinus recenti  
findit aquas onerata praeda.  
nunc alter Orpheus igne calet novo,  
lugetque fatis debitus : et procul  
dilecta quaerenti Calypso  
litora dat reditus Ulixi.

## XXXII.

*Stanzas written in dejection.*

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
the waves are dancing fast and bright,  
blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
the purple noon's transparent might :  
the breath of the moist earth is light  
around its unexpanded buds ;  
like many a voice of one delight,  
the winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
the City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
with green and purple sea-weeds strown ;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown ;  
I sit upon the sands alone,  
the lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
is flashing round me, and a tone  
arises from its measured motion ;  
how sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

SHELLEY.

## XXXII.

*Sunt lacrimae rerum.*

Sole calent auræ ; caelum sine nube serenum :  
ducit et innumeros unda corusca choros.  
iam niveos montes iamque insita litora ponto  
urgent purpurei lucida tela dei.  
sera levi flatu pertemptat germina tellus  
uda ; sonant unam plurima laetitiam.  
oceani fluctus ventos cantusque volucrum  
urbemque alta quies, ceu loca sola, tenet.  
purpureis glaucisque solum variantibus algis,  
ima maris nullo stant violata pede.  
prospicio longo fractos in litore fluctus ;  
sic cadit astrorum luce soluta cohors.  
me solum tenet ora : corusci fulguris instar  
pervolitat, medio quae micat unda die.  
gratior at numeris vox dulcibus orta sonaret,  
motu si tremerent altera corda meo.

*Nessun maggior dolore.  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.*

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree!  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity;  
The north cannot undo them  
With a sleety whistle through them  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook!  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look;  
But, with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passèd joy?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,  
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

## XXXIII.

*Meminisse pigebit.*

Ingruit nox atra feri Decembris,  
nec valent, arbor nimium beata,  
iam tui primae revocare frondis  
gaudia rami.  
non nocet plenus nivis imbriumque  
stridor immanis Boreae, renatum  
nec gelu stringit, nova quin per annos  
germina promant.  
ingruit nox atra feri Decembris,  
nec valent, amnis nimium beate,  
solis aestivi meminisse dantes  
murmura fluctus,  
qui parum prisca memores decoris  
limpido cessant trepidare rivo,  
nec ciet voces querulas iniqui  
frigoris horror.  
virgines O si iuvenesque tali  
lege consortes agerent! sed, eheu!  
angitur quisquis repetit peractae  
gaudia vitae.  
nam feras sensisse vices amoris,  
quae negant pacem male sopiendis  
sensibus, quid sit, fuge defuturo  
dicere versu.

## XXXIV.

*The last and greatest art—the art to blot.*

Quando fanciullo io venni  
A pormi con le muse in disciplina,  
L' una di quelle mi pigliò per mano;  
E poi tutto quel giorno  
La mi condusse intorno  
A veder l' officina.  
Mostrommi a parte a parte  
Gli strumenti dell' arte,  
E i servigi diversi  
A che ciascun di loro  
S' adopra nel lavoro  
Delle prose e dei versi.  
Io mirava e chiedea,  
Musa, la lima ov' è? Disse la Dea;  
La lima è consumata; or facciam senza.  
Ed io, ma di rifarla  
Non vi cal, soggiungea, quand' ella è stanca?  
Rispose: Hassi a rifar, ma il tempo manca.

LEOPARDI.

## XXXIV.

*Limae labor.*

Discipulus Musas adii puerilibus annis;  
artibus ingenuis erudiendus eram.  
correpta tunc una manu procul omnia duxit  
per loca me toto materiemque die.  
instrumenta artis passim circumdata monstrat,  
et quid proficiant singula quaeque, docet.  
sermoni hoc, servit condendis versibus illud:  
obstupui visu percitus; inde rogo,  
'Musa, ubi lima latet?'—contra Dea—'quam petis,'  
inquit,  
'iamdudum periit lima, labore minor.'  
'nonne igitur,' dixi, 'decet hanc reparare?' sed illa,  
'ars suadet: vitae non sinit hora brevis.'



## XXXV.

*Be my guest, for I am Love's.*

The sea hath its pearls,  
the heaven hath its stars,  
but my heart hath its love.  
Great are the seas and the heaven,  
yet greater is my heart;  
and fairer than pearls and stars  
flashes and beams my love.  
Thou little youthful maiden  
come into my great heart;  
my heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
are melting away with love.

HEINE (Longfellow's Translation).

## XXXV.

Ἔρως ἀνίκατος.

θάλασσα μαργαρίτας,  
 πόλος δ' ἔθρεψεν ἄστρα,  
 ἡ καρδία δ' ἔρωτα·  
 πόντος μέγας πόλος τε,  
 ἡ καρδία δὲ μείζων·  
 ὑπὲρ δὲ μαργαριτῶν  
 καὶ λαμπρότητος ἄστρον  
 ἔρως ἐμὸς προφαίνει.  
 κόρη, σύ γ' ἄνθος ἀβρόν,  
 ἔσελθε καρδίαν μοι·  
 ἡ καρδία σε χωρεῖ·  
 ἔσελθε· καρδία γὰρ  
 πόλος τε καὶ θάλασσα,  
 τέτηχ', ἅπαντ', ἔρωτι.

## XXXVI.

*Artevelde, Captain of Ghent.*

ARTEVELDE. I thank you, sirs ; I knew it could not be  
but men like you must listen to the truth.  
Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you  
of your ill-fortunes, telling on their fingers  
the worthy leaders ye have lately lost :  
true, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs ;  
and ill would it become us to make light  
of the great loss we suffer by their fall. . . .  
But had they guessed, or could they but have dream'd  
the great examples which they died to show  
should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,  
that men should say, ' For liberty these died,  
wherefore let us be slaves,'—had they thought this,  
oh, then, with what an agony of shame,  
their blushing faces buried in the dust,  
had their great spirits parted hence for heaven !

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

## XXXVI.

*Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,  
curat reponi deterioribus.*

ἐπῆνεσ' ὑμᾶς, ὦνδρες· εὖ δ' ἔγνω· ὅτι  
τάληθές ἐνδέχοισθ' ἄν, ὄντες εὐγενεῖς.  
ἅπαντες οὖν τῶνδ' ἀρτίως ἠκούσατε  
ὥς πολλὰ δυστυχεῖτε, κἀξηγουμένων  
ὅσων ἀπεστερήμεθ' ἀρχόντων στρατού·  
ἥσαν γε πάντες ἄξιοι τιμῆς πρόμοι,  
οὐδ' ἂν ποθ' ἡμῖν ῥαδίως πρέποι φέρειν  
οἶον θανόντων νῦν ἐπισκῆπτει πάθος.  
ἀλλ' εἶπερ αὐτοῖς ἦν ὄναρ κατεικάσαι  
ὥς πάντα δόξης μνήμαθ', ὦν χάριν μόρον  
ὑπέσχον, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν καπνοῦ σκιὰ  
γένεοιτ' ἄν—ὥς μέλλοιεν ἄνθρωποι λέγειν,  
' τὸ δοῦλον ἔφυγον, ἡμῖν οὖν δουλευτέον'—  
οὐ ταῦτ' ἂν ἐννοῶν τις αἴσχυρ', αἰδούμενος  
κἀρυθριῶν, πρόσωπον ἐς κόνιν βαλὼν,  
γενναῖον ᾧδ' ἠφῆκεν ἐς θεοὺς βίον;

## XXXVII.

*Light in the Darkness.*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
    lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
    lead Thou me on !

keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
the distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
    should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
    lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
    will lead me on,

o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    the night is gone ;

and with the morn those Angel faces smile  
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

## XXXVII.

*Qui sequitur me, non ambulat in tenebris.*

Duc age, duc inter tenebras, lux alma, nigrantes,  
    praemonitura viam;  
nox late silet atra; domo procul avius erro;  
    dirige fausta pedes;  
non longe semota velim vidisse; sat unum  
    anticipare gradum.  
non ego talis eram semper; non semper egebam  
    praesidis auxilio;  
signabam ipse mihi quondam vestigia,—sed nunc  
    alma tuere viam.  
splendor erat cordi; fastu ducebar; omittas  
    acta referre memor.  
o lapsis utinam numen quod praefuit annis  
    nunc mihi monstret iter,  
per iuga, per silvas, per inhospita tesca, per amnes,  
    dum tenebrae fugiant,  
oraeque amata prius paullumque amissa piorum  
    mane novo repetam.

## XXXVIII.

*The Passing of Arthur.*

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :  
' The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
and God fulfils himself in many ways,  
lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
may He within himself make pure ! but thou,  
if thou shouldst never see my face again,  
pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
that nourish a blind life within the brain,  
if, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
both for themselves and those who call them friend ?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
with these thou seest—if indeed I go

## XXXVIII.

*Multum valet deprecatio iusti assidua.*

σεμνῶς δ' Ἀριστεὺς ἐκ σκάφους ἡῦδα τάδε·  
 ἐξίσταται τὰρχαία τοῖς καινοῖς τρόποις,  
 θεὸς δὲ βουλῆς πολλαχῶς τελεσφόρος,  
 μὴ χρηστὸς εἰς τις τὰν βροτοῖς φθείρη νόμος.  
 σύ γ' ἀλλὰ θάρσει· πῶς γὰρ οὖν ἔνεστ' ἐμοὶ  
 θάρσος; δρόμον γὰρ νῦν βίου κάμψας θεὸν  
 αὐτὸν καθαίρειν τάργα προστρέπω· σὺ δέ,  
 εἰ καὶ τόδ' ὄμμα μὴ πάλιν βλέψεις, λιτὰς  
 ψυχῆς ὑπέρ μου σπεῦσον, ὥς πλείω λιταὶ  
 τελοῦσι τοῦ δοκοῦντος· ὥστ' ἐμοὶ τὸ σὸν  
 νυκτὸς ῥέοι λιταῖσι κὰν φέγγει στόμα.  
 τί γάρ ποτ' αἰγῶν ἢ τί δὴ μῆλων βροτοὶ  
 κρείσσους, τρεφόντων τυφλὸν ἐν φρεσὶν βίον,  
 εἰ μὴ θέλουσι, θεὸν περ εἰδότες, χέρας  
 αὐτῷ προτείνειν ἐν λιταῖς, αὐτῶν θ' ὕπερ  
 κείνων θ' ὑφ' ὧν κλύουσιν ἐνδίκως φίλοι;  
 ἅπανα γὰρ χθὼν ᾧδέ που χρυσηλάτοις  
 συνάπτεται δεσμοῖσιν ἐκ ποδῶν Θεοῦ.  
 νῦν δ' ὕστατον δὴ χαῖρ', ἐπεὶ μακρὰν ὁδὸν  
 ἄπειμι σὺν ταύταισιν,—εἴ γ' ἄπειμι δὴ,



(for all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
to the island-valley of Avilion ;  
where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
and bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

TENNYSON.

νέφος γὰρ ἔστι τῶν φρενῶν ἐπίσκιον—  
νῆσον πρὸς Αὐιλῶν' ἐν ἐσπέρου νάπαις,  
ἐν ἧπερ ὄμβρος οὐ πέφυκεν, οὐ χιών,  
οὔτ' αὖ χαλάξης οὔτε λαιλάπων βολαί,  
λειμῶν δὲ πρὸς λειμῶνι συγκείται βαθύς,  
μάκαρ δ' ὁ χῶρός ἐστι κάλλιστός θ' ὁράν,  
κῆποί τε καὶ δένδροισιν εὖσκιον πτυχαὶ  
ἔνεισι, πόντος θ' ὥσπερ ἐν θέρει γελῶν  
ἐνταῦθα λήπης φάρμακ' ἐξευρήσομαι.

## XXXIX.

*From the great deep to the great deep he goes.*

‘But now farewell. I am going a long way  
with these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
(for all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
to the island-valley of Avilion;  
where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
deep-meadow’d, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
and bowery hollows crown’d with summer sea,  
where I will heal me of my grievous wound.’

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
that, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
with swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
revolving many memories, till the hull  
look’d one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
and on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON.

## XXXIX.

*ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντες  
ἐν μακάρων νήσοισι παρ' Ὀκεανὸν βαθυδίην.*

'Iamque vale ; mihi longa via est peragenda meanti  
his quas ipse vides sociis—si forte meabo,—  
(mens etenim dubitans caligine volvitur atra)—  
laetis Avilio qua vallibus insula ridet,  
quae nivibus pluviisque carent et grandinis ira  
ventorumque omni strepitu : sed ditia pandens  
prata iacet felix ; ornant pomaria saltus,  
perque cava aestivi ludunt umbracula fluctus :  
hic degam, saevo recreans ex vulnere vires.'

dixerat : et pulsu remorum aurisque ministris  
cumba recedebat ripa, ceu pectore curvo  
mollis olor carmen moriens sollemne profundit,  
iamque nives gelidas alarum quassat et undas  
atratis scindit pedibus : stetit anxius alter  
multa diu secum memorans, dum puppis Eoos  
nescio quid nigrum vix cernebatur ad ignes,  
cessavitque gravis per stagna silentia planctus.

## XL.

*The Lotos Eaters.*

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
and dear the last embraces of our wives  
and their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change ;  
for surely now our household hearths are cold ;  
our sons inherit us : our looks are strange ;  
and we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
Or else the island princes over-bold  
have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
and our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle ?  
Let what is broken so remain.  
The gods are hard to reconcile :  
'tis hard to settle order once again.

TENNYSON.

## XL.

*Sollicitae iucunda oblivia vitae.*

ὥς ἡδὺ τοὺς πάροιθεν ἀναπολεῖν γάμους,  
 ἀλόχους τε θερμὰ ναυβατῶν παρ' ἐξόδῳ  
 δάκρυα χεύσας ὑστάτοις φιλήμασιν·  
 χρόνος δὲ ταῦτα πάντα κινήσας ἔχει.  
 νῦν οὐκέτ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἐστία φλέγει,  
 κλήρους δ' ἔχουσιν ἔκγονοι, ξένους δέ τις  
 ἀγνώτας ἡμᾶς, εἰ κατέλθοιμεν, καλῶν,  
 λύπηρ' ἂν οἴκων ἐκβάλοι φαντάσματα.  
 ἥ που τρυφῶντες οἱ θρασεῖς νήσου πρόμοι  
 τά τ' ὄντ' ἀνηλώκασι, κἀκροώμενοι  
 χαίρουσ' αἰοδοῦ, τῶν ἐπ' Ἰλίου μαχῶν  
 ὑμνοῦντος ἔργα λαμπρὰ καὶ χειρῶν κράτη,  
 ἀμαυρὸν ἀνδρῶν ὥς παλαιφάτων κλέος.  
 ἡ νῆσος ἄρα συμφοραῖς ταρασσεται;  
 χρή νυν τὰ συντριβέντα μὴ 'ξορθοῦν' ἐπεὶ  
 σκληρὸν θεῶν βροτοῖσιν ἀναλαβεῖν χάριν,  
 σκληρὸν δὲ θέσθαι κόσμον ἀντ' ἀκοσμίας.

## XLI.

*Ulysses.*

It little profits that an idle king,  
by this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
unequal laws unto a savage race,  
that hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink  
life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd  
greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
that loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when  
thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;  
for always roaming with a hungry heart  
much have I seen and known ; cities of men  
and manners, climates, councils, governments,  
myself not least, but honoured of them all ;  
and drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

TENNYSON.

## XLI.

*Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*

ὥς οὐδὲν ὄφελος ἡσύχῳ παρ' ἐστία  
 ἀργὸν καθῆσθαι ταγὸν ἐν σκληραῖς πέτραις  
 ἀλόχῳ παλαία σύζυγ', ἀγρίῳ γένει  
 νόμους μερίζοντ' οὐκ ἴσους· οἱ δ' αὖθ' ὕπνου  
 πλούτου βορᾶς ἐρῶντες ἀγνοοῦσ' ἐμέ.  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως νῦν παύσομαι πλανημάτων·  
 βίον γάρ ἀντλεῖν δεῖ μ' ὅπως οἴνου τρύγα.  
 πᾶσχειν πέφυκα κάρτα, κάρτα δ' ἡδονῆς  
 αἰὲ μετέσχον, τῶν τε φιλτάτων μέτα  
 καὐτὸς μονωθείς, νῦν μὲν ἐν χέρσῳ, τὰ δ' αὖ  
 πόντον κυκωσῶν ὀμβρίων δυσσημέοις  
 Ὑάδων θυέλλαις· ὄνομα δ' ὑμνεῖται μέγα·  
 πόλλ' οἶδα κἀνόησα, τῶν βροτῶν πόλεις,  
 ὥρας, ἔθνη, βουλευμάτων, ἀρχόντων τρόπους,  
 οὐκ αὐτὸς ἦσσω, ἀλλ' ἔχων τιμῆς μέρος·  
 κλεινοῦ δ' ἐπ' ἄκρα τηλόθ' Ἰλίου πλακὶ  
 χάρμης μετ' ἀνδρῶν ἐν μάχαις ἐγευσάμην.



## XLII.

*A beam in darkness: let it grow.*

I dream'd there would be spring no more,  
that Nature's ancient power was lost;  
the streets were black with smoke and frost,  
they chattered trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs:  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown:

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
from youth and babe and hoary hairs:  
they call'd me in the public squares  
the fool that wears a crown of thorns:

they call'd me fool, they call'd me child:  
I found an angel of the night;  
the voice was low, the look was bright;  
he look'd upon my crown and smiled:

he reach'd the glory of a hand,  
that seem'd to touch it into leaf:  
the voice was not the voice of grief,  
the words were hard to understand.

TENNYSON.

## XLII.

*νῦν δ' ἴα μὲν φορέοιτε βᾶτοι, φορέοιτε δ' ἄκανθαι.*

Nulla videbatur ruri fore gloria veris,  
Naturaeque vetus deperiisse vigor.  
sordebant fumo vici temerante pruina,  
adque meas nugae personuere fores.  
mane vagans urbis strepitum turbamque reliqui;  
silva fuit spinis horrida, triste nemus.  
ipse rudi vitta, spinis mea tempora cinxi,  
querna velut civis fronte corona nitet.  
ludibrio dictisque petunt risuque vagantem  
infantes iuvenes canitiesque senum.  
clamat et in plateis quae turba frequentibus errat,  
‘heus age! quo demens spinea sarta geris?’  
audivi stultus, demens, male fervidus, infans:  
sed fuit e tenebris qui stetit ante pedes.  
venerat e caelo: vox est submissa; sereno  
arrisit vultu, cum mea sarta videt.  
dein, tendente manus, illuxit gloria nocti;  
visa novas subito prodere sarta comas.  
non lugentis erant voces, memoresve doloris,  
verba sed obscuro me latuere sono.

## XLIII.

*This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea.*

You ask me why, tho' ill at ease,  
    within this region I subsist,  
    whose spirits falter in the mist;  
and languish for the purple seas?

It is the land that freemen till,  
    that sober-suited Freedom chose,  
    the land, where girt with friends or foes  
a man may speak the thing he will;

a land of settled government,  
    a land of just and old renown,  
    where Freedom broadens slowly down  
from precedent to precedent:

where faction seldom gathers head,  
    but by degrees to fullness wrought,  
    the strength of some diffusive thought  
hath time and space to work and spread.

## XLIII.

*Anglia, libertatis deverticulum.*

Cur desiderio purpurei procul  
languens Oceani, cur, Iove frigido  
umentique dolens, his animo gravi  
cessem litoribus, rogas.  
terram libera gens hanc arat ; hanc sibi  
libertas propriam sobria destinat ;  
seu plaudit populus seu fremit, hic viro  
fari quod placuit licet.  
hic lex et stabili foedere civitas  
augustique vetus gloria nominis :  
hinc, exempla trahens undique, latius  
libertas aperit sinum.  
hic raro studium partibus ingruit,  
sed vis mobilis hic largior ingeni  
tempusque et spatium vindicat, ut novas  
vires auxilio paret.

Should banded unions persecute  
    opinion, and induce a time  
    when single thought is civil crime,  
and individual freedom mute ;

tho' Power should make from land to land  
    the name of Britain trebly great—  
    tho' every channel of the State  
should fill and choke with golden sand—

yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
    wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
    and I will see before I die  
the palms and temples of the South.

TENNYSON.

quodsi olim sociae ius adiment manus  
dicendi populo, temporaque adferent  
cum, qui recta monet, proditor audiet,  
et voces metus obstruet,  
quamvis aucta novis undique viribus  
crescat laude recens fama Britanniae,—  
quamvis, quotquot erunt, impleat alveos  
moles pulveris aurei,  
me portus tamen hinc aufer ab ostio,  
O stridens Borea : nec moriar prius  
quam terris alio sole calentibus  
palmas templaque videro.

## XLIV.

*Youthful Cynicism.*

‘A little while ago, young one,’ Warrington said, ‘you asked me why I remained out of the strife of the world, and looked on at the great labours of my neighbours without taking any part in the struggle. Why, what a mere dilettante you confess yourself, in this confession of general scepticism, and what a listless spectator yourself! You are six and twenty years old, and as blasé as a rake of sixty. You neither hope much, nor care much, nor believe much. You doubt about other men as much as about yourself. Were it made of such *pococuranti* as you, the world would be intolerable, and I had rather live in a wilderness of monkeys and listen to their chatter, than in a company of men who denied everything.’

THACKERAY.

## XLIV.

*Vitae plenus conviva.*

‘Haud ita pridem,’ inquit Decius, ‘me forte rogabas  
cur ego vitarem trepidantis iurgia vitae  
contentus magnos hominum spectare labores,  
securus procul ipse, feri certaminis exsors.  
nonne vides ut te nugacem confitearis,  
qui rebus male fidis et omnia mente pererras  
spectator vacua? non vitae est plenior ac tu,  
qui sex et numeras viginti (haud amplius) annos,  
scurra senex, Parcae cui bis sex lustra dederunt:  
non tibi religio, non spes, non cura futuri:  
tantum diffidis sociis quantum tibi. quodsi  
undique abundarent homines quibus omnia sordent,  
non mihi vita foret tanti; quin degere malletm  
plurima qua Numidum desertos simia saltus  
perpetuo complet strepitu, quam cuncta negantum  
spernentumque hominum me consociare catervae.



## XLV.

*Prospice.*

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
the mist in my face,  
when the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
the power of the night, the press of the storm  
the post of the foe ;  
where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
yet the strong man must go :  
for the journey is done and the summit attained,  
and the barriers fall,  
though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
the reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
the best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
and bade me creep past.  
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
the heroes of old,  
bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
of pain, darkness, and cold.

## XLV.

*Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem.*

Mortemne ut metuam ? gelidas in gutture nubes  
et perlitum umorem genis,  
cum nix crassa cadit, cum venti flamina tristem  
adesse praemonstrant locum,  
qua nox importuna premit, rabiesque procellae,  
qua dira sedes hostium.  
stat custos Mors ipsa loci, metuenda figura,  
sed forti eundum est obviam ;  
nam ventum ad metam, summique cacumina montis ;  
evanuerunt carceres :  
pugna tamen temptanda prius quam praemia tanto  
labore parta cepero.  
semper eram pugnae cupidus ; manet ultima laetum  
me pugna, pugnarum optima :  
nollem oculos mihi mors manibus constringeret atris  
et praeterire cogeret.  
quin satius veterum revocare exempla virorum  
omnesque perpeti minas,  
impavidum laetae poenas persolvere vitae,  
noctem, dolores, frigora :

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
the black minute's at end,  
and the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
shall dwindle, shall blend,  
shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
and with God be the rest!

R. BROWNING.

pessima enim subito patientibus optima fiunt,  
et triste momentum perit ;  
vis venti cadet, et saevarum insania vocum  
mollita commiscebitur,  
omnia labentur ; lux e caligine surget,  
et pax sequetur volnera,  
dein gremium, dilecta, tuum ; tibi redditus uni,  
futura permittam deo.

## XLVI.

*September 21st, 1870.*

Speak low, speak little ; who may sing  
while yonder cannon-thunders boom ?  
watch, shuddering, what each day may bring ;  
nor ' pipe amid the crack of doom.'

And yet—the pines sing overhead,  
the robins by the alder-pool,  
the bees about the garden-bed,  
the children dancing home from school.

And ever at the loom of Birth  
the mighty Mother weaves and sings :  
she weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth ;  
she sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

And thou too,—if through Nature's calm  
some strain of music touch thine ears,  
accept and share that soothing balm,  
and sing though choked with pitying tears.

C. KINGSLEY.

## XLVI.

*Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.*

Mitte loqui, vocemque premas : quis dicere possit  
carmina, bellorum dum tonat iste fragor ?  
advigila metuens quidnam lux proxima portet ;  
tibia conlapso rectius orbe silet.  
desuper umbrosae tamen edunt murmura pinus,  
circum stagna suas iam tenet alnus aves ;  
agmen apum flores interque rosaria mussat,  
laeta redit puerum missa labore cohors.  
indefessa simul, quae rerum praeparat ortus,  
exercet telam, dum canit, alma Parens :  
illa novas texit vestes mortalibus aegris,  
et fractis rebus spes iubet esse novas.  
tuque adeo, si grata tuas pervenerit aures  
vox, ubi naturae regnat amica quies,  
accipe, defessumque animum furare labori,  
et, quamvis luctu praepediente, canas.

## XLVII.

*We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.*

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,  
the labour and the wounds are vain,  
the enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
and as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
it may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
and, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
seem here no painful inch to gain,  
far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
when daylight comes, comes in the light ;  
in front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
but westward, look, the land is bright.

Clough.

## XLVII.

*Quo nunc certamine tanto?*

μὴ λέξης ἀνδρῶν ἄλιον τὸν ἀγῶνα γενέσθαι,  
 μηδέν' ἔχειν καρπὸν τραύματα μηδὲ πόνους·  
 μὴ λέξης σπεύδειν τὸν ἐνάντιον αἰὲν ἀτειρῇ,  
 ᾧσπερ ἅπαξ γέγονεν πάντ' ἀλίστα μένειν.  
 ἐψεύσθη πότ' ἄρ' Ἑλπίς; ἴσως Φόβος οὐ φιλαλήθης.  
 οὐχ ὁράας; κρύψας αἰθέρα καπνὸς ἔχει.  
 νῦν σοὶ ἴσως φεύγοντας ἐπικλονέουσιν ἑταῖροι,  
 καὶ σὺ μόνος νίκης ἴστασαι ἐμπόδιος.  
 κύματα μὲν γὰρ ἔδοξε μάτην βάλλεσθαι ἐπ' ἀκτῇ,  
 οὐδὲν ἀπ' ἀλλήκτου κέρδος ἔχοντα πόνου·  
 τηλοῦ δ', εἰς ἄγκη καὶ κόλπους ἡρέμα βαίνων,  
 ἄψοφος ἀστεμφῆς ἔρχεται Ὀκεανός.  
 οὐδὲ δι' ἠοίων θυρίδων μόνον εἰσορόωντι  
 ἤματος ἐρχομένου παιδρὸν ἐσῆλθε σέλας·  
 ἅντα γὰρ ἥελιος βραδὺς οὐρανὸν αἰπὺν ἰκάνει,  
 ἣν δὲ τραπῆς, χώρα λάμπεται ἐσπέριος.



## XLVIII.

*Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail?*

FEDALMA. O father, will the women of our tribe  
suffer as I do, in the years to come,  
when you have made them great in Africa?  
redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel  
a conscious woe. Then—is it worth the pains?  
Were it not better when we reach that shore,  
to raise a funeral pile and perish all,  
so closing up a myriad avenues  
to misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—  
will these sharp pangs buy any certain good?

ZARCA. Nay, never falter; no great deed is done  
by falterers who ask for certainty.  
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,  
the undivided will to seek the good:  
'tis that compels the elements, and wrings  
a human music from the indifferent air.  
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
is to have been a hero. Say we fail!  
we feed the high tradition of the world,  
and leave our spirit in our children's hearts.

G. ELIOT.

XLVIII.

*Propositi tenax.*

- Φ. ἄρ', ὦ πατέρ, γυναῖκες αἰδ' ἐμφύλιοι  
 μέλλουσι πάσχειν πῆμαθ', οἳ' ἐγὼ 'πάθον,  
 ὅταν κατελθὼν ἐς πάτρην αὔξης γένος;  
 ἦν γάρ, πρὶν εἰδὼς μηδέν, εἰτά τις κακοῖς  
 φανῇ συνοικῶν, πῶς τόδ' ἄξιον πόνου;  
 οὐκουν ἄμεινον εὐθέως ἀφιγμένους  
 ἐς γῆν, πύραν νήσαντας ἀθρόους θανεῖν,  
 οὐτω δ' ἀπείργειν μυρίας ὁδοὺς κακῶν  
 οὐπω παρόντων; τοῦμόν ἀσθενεῖ κέαρ  
 εἰ μηδὲν ἥξει κέρδος ἐκ δεινοῦ πάθους.
- Ζ. οὐ καιρὸς ὀκνεῖν· οὐδὲν ἰσχυρὸν τελεῖ  
 ἑάν τις ὀκνῶν τούπικίνδυνον φύγῃ.  
 μόνοι γὰρ ὠφελούσιν ἔμπεδοι φρένες  
 καὶ λῆμ' αἰεὶ πρὸς τὰγάθ' ἐξορμώμενον  
 οὐτω κρατεῖ τις τῶν πέριξ, ἀναγκάσας  
 παχὺν συνάδειν αἰθέρ' ἀνθρώπων τύχαις.  
 ὁ δ' ἐσθλὸς οὐτω πλείστον ὠφελεῖ βροτοῦς,  
 ἐσθλὸς πεφηνώς· κἂν ἀμάρτῳμεν σκοποῦ  
 εὐκλειαν ἔργων ἀλκίμων ἀτάλλομεν  
 καὶ λῆμα θυμοῖς ἐμφυτεύομεν τέκνων.

## XLIX.

*The return of Hermod.*

The Gods held talk together, group'd in knots,  
round Balder's corpse, which they had thither borne;  
and Hermod came down towards them from the gate.  
And Lok, the father of the serpent, first  
beheld him come, and to his neighbour spake:—  
'See, here is Hermod, who comes single back  
from Hell; and shall I tell thee how he seems?  
Like as a farmer, who hath lost his dog,  
some morn, at market, in a crowded town—  
through many streets the poor beast runs in vain,  
and follows this man after that, for hours;  
and, late at evening, spent and panting, falls  
before a stranger's threshold, not his home,  
with flanks a-tremble, and his slender tongue  
hangs quivering out between his dust-smear'd jaws,  
and piteously he eyes the passers by;  
but home his master comes to his own farm,  
far in the country, wondering where he is—  
so Hermod comes to-day unfollow'd home.'

M. ARNOLD.

## XLIX.

*Ab Orco in lucem redux.*

Sic vario divi coetus sermone morantur,  
qua secum tulerant Baldri iam luce carentis  
corpus: at e porta Hermodius procul obvius ibat.  
utque Locas primus, genitor serpentis, adesse  
viderat, adstantes sic est adfatus amicos:

‘En redit Hermodius, redit incomitatus ab Orco  
in lucem: an dicam quae sit redeuntis imago?  
it gravis, agricolae similis, si forte Molossum,  
nundina cum spissos complerunt tempora vicos,  
amisit surgente die: totamque per urbem  
ille fugit, iamque hunc frustra iam currit ad illum;  
denique, iam seri subiit cum vesperis hora,  
ante fores alias et non sua limina praeceps  
concidit; oppressos quatit aeger anhelitus artus:  
ilia fessa tremunt: tenuis dependet ab ore  
lingua inter turpes arenti pulvere malas,  
dum misero populum voltu prospectat euntem.  
ipse domum interea procul ad sua rura colonus  
se retrahit, dubitatque canem quo duxerit error;  
sic hodie solus tulit hic ad limina gressum.’

## L.

*The second Asgard.*

Thither, when o'er this present earth and Heavens  
the tempest of the latter days hath swept,  
and they from sight have disappear'd, and sunk,  
shall a small remnant of the gods repair;  
Hoder and I shall join them from the grave.  
There re-assembling we shall see emerge  
from the bright Ocean at our feet an earth  
more fresh, more verdant than the last, with fruits  
self-springing, and a seed of man preserved,  
who then shall live in peace, as now in war.  
But we in heaven shall find again with joy  
the ruin'd palaces of Odin, seats  
familiar, halls where we have supp'd of old;  
re-enter them, with wonder, never fill  
our eyes with gazing, and rebuild with tears.  
And we shall tread once more the well-known plain  
of Ida, and among the grass shall find  
the golden dice wherewith we play'd of yore;  
and that will bring to mind the former life  
and pastime of the Gods, the wise discourse  
of Odin, the delights of other days.

M. ARNOLD.

## L.

*Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit  
purpureo.*

ἐκεῖσ', ὅταν δὴ γαίαν οὐρανοῦ θ' ἔδη  
τὰ νῦν θύελλα πρὸς βίαν συναρπάσῃ  
ἅπαντ' αἰστώσασα, τοῖσδ' ἐν ἡμασιν  
μικρόν τι τῶν θεῶν λείψανον στραφήσεται.  
"Οδερὸς δὲ κᾶγωγ' ἐκ τάφων συμμίσξομεν.  
ἐκεῖ δὲ συλλεγέντες ὀψόμεσθα γῆν  
λαμπρᾶς θαλάσσης πρὸς ποσὶν στρωφωμένης  
χλωρὰν ἀνελθεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ τὴν νῦν χθόνα,  
αὐτοσπόροις καρποῖσιν, ἀνθρώπων γόνου  
σωθέντος, οἷσι τέρψις εἰρήνην ἄγειν  
ἔσται τόθ', ὥσπερ νῦν ἀγάλλονται μάχη.  
ἡμεῖς δ' Ὀδείου τῶν δόμων τᾶρείπια  
χαίροντες αὖθις ληψόμεσθ' ἐν οὐρανῷ,  
μέλαθρα φίλτατ', ἔνθ' ἐδειπνοῦμεν πάλαι.  
ἔξει δὲ θαῦμ' ἐσβάντας, οὐδὲ μή ποτε  
βλέποντες ἐμπλήσωμεν ὁμμάτων πόθον,  
δακρύσομέν τε δῶμ' ἀνορθοῦντες πάλιν.  
πάλιν δ' ἔτ' Ἰδης, ὥς πρὶν, ἐξέσται πέδον  
πατοῦσι χρυσοῦς, οἷς ἐπαίζομέν ποτε,  
κύβους ἀνευρεῖν τοῦτο δ' ἂν μνήμην φέροι  
τῆς πρὶν διαίτης καὶ θεῶν ὁμιλίας  
λόγων τ' Ὀδείου τέρψεως τε τῆς πάλαι.

## II.

*Sohrab and Rustum.*

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now  
the anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,  
and he desiréd to draw forth the steel,  
and let the blood flow free, and so to die—  
but first he would convince his stubborn foe;  
and, rising sternly on one arm, he said:—  
'Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?  
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,  
and falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.  
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear  
that seal, which Rustum to my mother gave,  
that she might prick it on the babe she bore.'  
He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;  
and his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand  
against his breast, his heavy mailéd hand,  
that the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud;  
and to his heart he press'd the other hand,  
and in a hollow voice he spake.

M. ARNOLD.

## LI.

*Morituro crede.*

Dixerat; at contra Sorabes iam fervidus ira  
verba refert: nam saeva dolent penetrabilis hastae  
volnera: iamque cupit fontes aperire cruentos  
producto iaculo, ut manet cum sanguine vita:  
sed verbis hostem prius exsuperare ferocem  
ardet, et ora uno fultus iam torva lacerto,  
'O quis' ait 'nostris diffidere vocibus audes?  
stat veri custos morientis lingua, meisque  
viventis procul abfuerunt mendacia labris.  
ergo haec accipe verba: meis impressa lacertis  
signa gero, matri ipse meae quae tradidit olim  
Rustumus, ut nota signaret imagine prolem.'

Desinit: alterius pallenti protinus ore  
sanguis abit, dein genua labant, dein pectora plangit  
dura manus, ferro gravis atque rigentibus armis,  
dum conserta ictu resonet lorica: sinistra  
cor premit, et raucas rumpit de pectore voces.



## LII.

*Rugby Chapel.*

And there are some, whom a thirst  
ardent, unquenchable, fires,  
not with the crowd to be spent,  
not without aim to go round  
in an eddy of purposeless dust,  
effort unmeaning and vain.

Ah yes! some of us strive  
not without action to die  
fruitless, but something to snatch  
from dull oblivion, nor all  
glut the devouring grave!  
We, we have chosen our path—  
path to a clear-purposed goal,  
path of advance!—but it leads  
a long, steep journey, through sunk  
gorges, o'er mountains in snow.  
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—  
then, on the height comes the storm.  
Thunder crashes from rock  
to rock, the cataracts reply;

## LII.

*μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε καὶ ἀκλειῶς ἀπολοίμην,  
ἀλλὰ μέγα ῥέξας τι καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.*

Sunt quos adurgens insatiabilis  
impellit ardor non levis in modum  
cessare turbae, nec volanti  
curriculo steriles arenae  
miscere nubes; fallere lividas  
obliviones nec stolide mori  
pauci laboramus, voraci  
nec dare delicias sepulcro.  
nos lecta vitae semita proferet,  
est certa nobis meta; sed arduum est  
per saxa, per valles opacas,  
per niveos procul ire montes!  
laetans amicorum ingredimur manus;  
at summa nactis saevit atrox hiems;  
iam fulmen excepere cautes  
et strepitus reboant aquarum.

lightnings dazzle our eyes.  
Roaring torrents have breach'd  
the track, the stream-bed descends  
in the place where the wayfarer once  
planted his footstep—the spray  
boils o'er its borders! aloft  
the unseen snow-beds dislodge  
their hanging ruin; alas,  
havoc is made in our train!  
Friends, who set forth at our side,  
falter, are lost in the storm.  
We, we only are left!

M. ARNOLD.

/

caecant euntes fulgura : tramitem  
torrentis aufert vis : furit alveo  
    nunc unda, qua nuper quietis  
        pressit humum pedibus viator.  
en spuma fluctus fervida iam suos  
egressa fines aestuat ; insuper  
    detrudit incautis minacem  
        frigore nix glaciata molem.  
laetam cohortem quot minuunt vices !  
una profectos, si semel in via  
    haesere, tempestas obumbrat ;  
        heu quota pars iterat labores !

## LIII.

*He has outsoared the shadow of our night.*

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—  
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,  
    some good survivor with his flute would go,  
    piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;  
    and cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
    and relax Pluto's brow,  
and make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
    of Proserpine, among whose crownéd hair  
    are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,  
and flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace  
when Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!  
    For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,  
she knew the Dorian water's gush divine,  
    she knew each lily white which Enna yields,  
    each rose with blushing face;  
she loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.  
    But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!  
    her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;  
and we should tease her with our plaint in vain!

## LIII.

*Purpureos spargam flores et fungar inani  
munere.*

ἂ τίς νῦν Κορύδωνι δυνάσεται ἰσοφαρίσδεν ;  
 ἀλλ' ὅκα Σικελικῶν τις ἀπώλετο πρόσθεν ἑταῖρος  
 τῶν νομέων, αἶες φίλος αὐτίκα πιστὸς ἀπ' ἀγροῦ  
 στεῖχεν ἔχων σύριγγ', ἐνὶ ποιμέσι θρῆνον ἐγείρας  
 ὅττι Βίων τέθνακεν, ἔβα δ' ἐπὶ δύσβατον ὕδωρ,  
 καὶ πορθμὸν διαβὰς ἐμάλασσε ἀμείλιχον Αἴδου  
 ὀφρύα, Περσεφόνης τε κάρα περικαλλές ἐπώρνυ  
 χάρμασιν—ἐν Σικελοῖσι γὰρ ἄνθεα πρῶτα πέφανται  
 τὰν πλοκαμίδι θεᾶς στεφαναφόρῳ—ἐκ δὲ θανόντων  
 ὥς Ὁρφεὺς ἀνέτελλε φίλος φίλον, ἀδὺν μελίσδων.  
 οὐ τι γὰρ ἦς χαλεπὸν μέλος εὖ κεχαρισμένον ᾄδειν  
 τὰν πότνιαν μολπαῖς ὅκα Δῶριοι εἰσαφίκανον  
 ποιμένες· αὐτὴ γὰρ πότ' ἐν ἄγκεσι πρόσθεν ἔπαισδεν  
 Σικελικοῖς, ὑδάτων τε πάρος ψόφον ἱερὸν ἔγνων,  
 χῶποσα τᾶς Ἑννας ἐνὶ βένθεσι λευκὰ τέθηλε  
 λείρια, καὶ ῥόδα παντᾶ ἐρυθριόωντ' ἐνόησε,  
 Δωριέων τ' ἐφίλει καλάμῳς καὶ Δωρίδ' ὀιοιδάν·  
 τὰν δ' ἀμέων Θάμεσιν, φαῦλον ῥόον, οὐδέποκ' ἔγνων,  
 οὐποκ' ἐπ' ἀσφοδελοῖσι Κυμηρίνοισιν ἔβαινεν,  
 ὥστε κε λυποῖμεν κωκύμασιν, οὐκ ἀλέγουσαν.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,  
yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour  
in the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!

Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?

I know the wood which hides the daffodil,

I know the Fyfield tree,

I know what white, what purple fritillaries

the grassy harvest of the river-fields

above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,

and what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—

But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,

with thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,

where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried

high tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,

hath since our day put by

the coronals of that forgotten time,

down each green bank hath gone the plough-boy's  
team,

and only in the hidden brookside gleam  
primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

ἥ μὰν τοῖς ἀνέμοισι φέρειν τάδε πάντ' ἐπιτρέψω,  
 θυμὸν ὅμως ὃ, ὦ Θύρσι, κατ' ἄλγεα βωκολέοιμι,  
 ἥθε' ἔχων τ' ἄμπροσθε πάλιν, λόφον ὑλάεντα·  
 τίς γὰρ ἐμεῦ μεμάθηκε νάπη τάδε λῶον ἐρευνᾶν;  
 οἶδα μὲν εἷ νάρκισσον ὅπου κατακρύπτεται ὕλας,  
 οἶδα δὲ δένδρον ὃ πρὸς Φύσκου λόφον εἰσορόωντι  
 φαίνεται, οἶδά τε λωτὸν ὃς ἐν πόᾳ ἀμφὶ Λάτυμνον  
 φοίνειξ λευκοφαῖς τ' ἀνθεὶ ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθαις,  
 καὶ κάτω ἐν Πύξᾳ· κὰν νάμασι πρόσθε θάμισδον,  
 εἰ Θάμεσις τι δόναξι κυκλούμενον ἔλλαβε κόλπῳ.  
 γνωταὶ ἐμὶν τηνεὶ ταὶ κλιτύες ὅττι μάλιστα,  
 φίλτατά τ' εἶχε νάπη τὸ γεώλοφον, ἔνθα παλαιῶν  
 λευκανθὲς πολὺ πρόσθ' ἐβλάστανε δένδρον ἀκανθῶν,  
 πύκνον ὃ αὖ κυκλάμιος ἐφύετο, τηλόθι ὃ ἄνθη  
 πορφύρε' ἥς κατιδεῖν ὑακίνθινα· νῦν δὲ σιωπᾷ  
 πάντ' ἐπέχει λάθα, στέφανος δέ τε πᾶς μεμάρανται,  
 ἃ τ' ὄχθος βοτάναν πάρος ἔννυτο, νῦν χρόνος ἔστιν  
 μακρὸς ἀφ' οὗ βόες ἦνθον ἀρώμενοι, ὄρφανα δ' αὖτε  
 κάλλεος εἰαρινοῦ χρυσάνθεμα μῶνα λέλαθε  
 στίλβοντ', ἔνθα κρυφᾷ καταλείβεται ἐγγύθεν ὕδωρ.



Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,  
above the locks, above the boating throng,  
    unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats  
red loosestrife and blond meadowsweet among  
    and darting swallows and light water-gnats,  
    we track'd the shy Thames shore?  
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
    of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,  
    stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—  
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night  
in ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.

    I see her veil draw soft across the day,  
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
    the cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with  
    grey;  
    I feel her finger light  
laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—  
    the foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,  
    the heart less bounding at emotion new,  
and hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

πᾶ νῦν παρθένος, ἃ πρότερον παρὰ πορθμέος οὐδῶ  
 ἐν ρείθροις ἀπάνευθεν ὑπὲρ πολὺν ἐσμὸν ἐρετμῶν  
 ἄμμιν λέμβον ἔλυνεν, ὅκ' ἐν πεδίοισι Λυκώπας  
 ὄχθον αἰεὶ φεύγοντ' ἐδιώκομες, ἀμφὶ δ' ἐρυθρὰ  
 πεπλὺς καὶ σπειραὶ' ἐφάνη λειμωνόθε λευκά,  
 πολλαὶ δ' αἴσσοντο χελιδόνες, ὑδροχαρεῖς τε  
 ἐμπίδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περίδραμον; οἱ δὲ θερισταί,  
 ἀνιχ' ὕδωρ ἐδόνασε πόαν σχεδόν, ἡρέμ' ἀνοίδουν  
 τῷ λέμβῳ παρίοντος, ἀμᾶ δρεπάνας ἐπάνηρον  
 βαίνοντας ποθορῶντες ἐν ὕδασι· πᾶ πόκ' ἄρ' ἐντί;  
 πάντες ἀποίχονται, σὺ δ' ἀποιχομένοισιν ὀπαδεῖς.  
 ὥμοι ἀποίχεται αὐτός· ἐμὴν δέ τε Νῦξ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ  
 ἄσσον αἰεὶ προσίοντι κατὰσκιον ἐμπλέκει ὄρφναν·  
 ἃ δὲ δοκεῖ μαλακοῖσι καλύμμασιν ἄμαρ ἀμαυροῦν,  
 καὶ ψυχρὸν πνέουσα παρηΐδας ἐν χρόνῳ ἰσχνὰς  
 παχνοῦν, καὶ κεφαλάν, ἧ νῦν πολίαισιν ὑπεῖκει  
 θριξὶ κόμα ξανθὰ καὶ δάκτυλον ἡρέμ' ἐπαίρει,  
 οὐκέτ' ἐῷσα βίου πρηνῇ δρόμον ὥς πρὶν ἐπείγειν  
 οὐδ' ὥς πρὶν χαίρουσιν ἐμοὶ πόδες ἐς δρόσον ἐνθεῖν  
 ἡοίαν, κραδίαν τε νέον πάθος ἦσσον ἐφορμᾶ,  
 νικαθεῖσα δ' ἅπαξ μόγις ὕστερον ὄρνυται ἐλπὶς.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short  
to the less practised eye of sanguine youth ;  
    and high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,  
the mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,  
    tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare !  
    Unbreachable the fort  
of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall ;  
    and strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,  
    and near and real the charm of thy repose,  
and night as welcome as a friend would fall.

M. ARNOLD.

μακρὰν δ' αὖτε δοκεῖ τείνειν ὁδός, ἄντινα φαῦλαν  
εἶμεν ἀπειρότεροι τὸ πάροιθ' ἐδοκεῦμες ἔφαβον,  
τηλόθι δ' ὑψοτέρας νῦν ὥρεος ἐν νεφέλαισιν  
τὰς κορυφὰς ἐσορῶμες ἐν αἷς τάλαιθες ἀνάσσει,  
αἱ γυμναὶ φαίνοντο καὶ ἐγγύτατ' ἔμμεναι ἀμέων  
αἰίου ἐν νεότατι λελαμπότος· ὥς δυσάλωτον  
αἰὲν ἀρασσόμενον δὲ βροτῶν βίος ἴσταται ἔρκος,  
ξεῖνός τ' ἀλίθιος τε δοκεῖ μόγος ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν,  
ἐγγυτέρω δὲ παρῶν ἐμ' ἐφέλκεται ἄσυχος ὕπνος  
ὃν τύ γ' ἔχεις, νῦξ δ' ἄν με κίχοι φίλος, εἴ γε παρείη.

## LIV.

*This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

Sometimes amid the noonday throng,  
amid the feast, the dance, the song,  
amid the daily wholesome round,  
the inevitable accents sound,  
and the ear hears the summons come  
as his who calls a truant home.

And sometimes in the lonely night  
it comes, and brings with it the light,  
alone, with none but strangers nigh,  
comes the cold voice which bids us die ;  
sudden, or after months of pain,  
and weary vigils spent in vain.

What shall it bring of profit then  
to have loomed large in the eyes of men ?  
Or what of comfort shall endure,  
save soaring thoughts and memories pure ?  
Nought else of thoughts and things that be  
can solace that great misery.

L. MORRIS.

## LIV.

*Vox nuntia mortis.*

Seu spissa turbis urbs medio die  
seu te choreae sive epulae tenent,  
    seu cantus aularumque clamor  
    seu solitis data vita curis,  
non molliendo vox sonitu tamen  
lentas in aures serius ocuis  
    infertur, ut mater vagantem  
    dura domum revocat puellam.  
vastas et olim per tenebras sonans  
noctis iacenti lucem aperit novam  
    ingrata, nec praebent amici  
    dulce ministerium, sed atrae  
morti iubet vox frigida cedere,  
morasque tollit, seu subito venit,  
    seu sera post longum dolorem  
    et vigiles meditata noctes.  
quid tum vocari 'Magnus' et 'Urbium  
eversor' aegro proderit? an decus  
    et fama solantur iacentem?  
    an statuae titulusque mendax?  
tum, praeter altis sueta laboribus  
vitaeque purae conscia pectora,  
    afferre crudeli levamen  
    nulla valet medicina curae.

## LV.

*Pent in vile durance with the swinish throng.*

Alas for us! for whom the columned houses  
we left afore-time, cheerless must abide;  
cheerless the hearth, where now no guest carouses,  
no minstrel raises song at eventide;  
and O, more cheerless than aught else beside,  
the wistful hearts with heavy longing full;—  
the wife that watched us on the waning tide,—  
the sire whose eyes with weariness are dull,—  
the mother whose slow tears fall on the carded wool.

If swine we be,—if we indeed be swine,  
daughter of Persé, make us swine indeed,  
well-pleased on litter-straw to lie supine,—  
well-pleased on mast and acorn-shales to feed,  
stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed;  
but, O Unmerciful! O Pitiless!  
leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed!  
to waste long days in yearning, dumb distress  
and memory of things gone, and utter hopelessness.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## LV.

*Sirenium voces et Circae pocula.*

A ! miseri, deserta quibus iam limina maerent,  
exsors laetitiae porticus alta vacat :  
exsors laetitiae, qui nunc caret hospitis usu  
et vespertini carminis arte focus.  
tristia nos urgent ; sed vel tristissima restant  
tot desiderio pectora victa gravi,  
sive recedentes coniux spectabat ab ora,  
sive fatigato luminis orbe pater,  
seu mater vasta percussa cupidine nati,  
cui lento lacrimae munere lana madet.  
si pecorum,—pecorum si vere accepimus artus,  
da pecorum nobis indole, diva, frui.  
stramineis placeat consumere tempora lectis,  
sint glandes avido dulcis in ore cibus.  
haec saltem dederis : vel, si quis inertia tangit  
corda suum motus, pectora nostra regat.  
tantane tu,—quamvis saevis crudelior undis—  
pectoris humani volnera ferre potes ?  
anne sines luctu mutos, anteacta fovescentes,  
spe rapta longam nos agitare diem ?



## LVI.

*They see not clearliest who see all things clear.*

There are more things in Heaven and Earth than we  
can dream of or than nature understands;  
we learn not through our poor philosophy  
what hidden chords are touched by unseen hands.

The present hour repeats upon its strings  
echoes of some vague dream we have forgot;  
dim voices whisper half-remembered things,  
and when we pause to listen,—answer not.

Forebodings come; we know not how or whence,  
shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul,  
and stir within our hearts a subtler sense  
than light may read or wisdom may control.

But, though a veil of shadow hangs between  
that hidden life and what we see and hear,  
let us revere the power of the Unseen,  
and know a world of mystery is near.

A. A. PROCTER.

## LVI.

*τὰ μὴ βλεπόμενα αἰώνια.*

Plurima, quae terris caeloque immixta profundo,  
mortali ingenio non penetranda latent.  
nec tenuis doctrina lyrae discrimina signat,  
invia celata fila movente manu.  
hora refert praesens dilapsae somnia vitae,  
somnia quae mentem ludere vana solent;  
obscurae fallunt voces oblita locutae,  
dein frustra cupidis plura referre negant.  
saepe impendentis mens est praesaga ruinae,  
pectoraque incerto contremuere metu,  
subtilisque oritur circum praecordia sensus,  
flectere quem ratio, lux aperire nequit.  
at licet auditis visisque obscurior umbra  
dividat ignotas dissocietque domos,  
arcanis suus adsit honos; quippe omnia circum  
novimus arcanis viribus acta regi.

## LVII.

*Praxithea's Farewell.*

Farewell, I bid thee; so bid thou not me,  
lest the gods hear and mock us; yet on these  
I lay the weight not of this grief, nor cast  
ill words for ill deeds back; for if one say  
they have done men wrong, what hurt have they to  
hear,  
or he what help to have said it? surely, child,  
if one among men born might say it and live  
blameless, none more than I may, who being vexed  
hold yet my peace; for now through tears enough  
mine eyes have seen the sun that from this day  
thine shall see never more; and in the night  
enough has blown of evil, and mine ears  
with wail enough the winds have filled, and brought  
too much of cloud from over the sharp sea  
to mar for me the morning; such a blast  
rent from these wide void arms and helpless breast  
long since one graft of me disbranched, and bore  
beyond the wild ways of the unwandered world  
and loud wastes of the thunder-throated sea,  
springs of the night and openings of the heaven,  
the old garden of the Sun.

SWINBURNE.

## LVII.

*Non ignara mali.*

χαίρειν κελεύω σ'· ἀλλὰ μὴ λέξης πάλιν  
 χαίρειν μ', ἀκούσας μὴ τις ἐγγελαῖ θεῶν.  
 λύπης ὅμως τοῖσδ' ἄχθος οὐκ ἐπεμβαλῶ,  
 οὐδ' αὖ κακῶς παθοῦς' ἀμείψομαι κακά.  
 ἦν γὰρ λέγει τις 'ἠδίκηκασιν βροτούς,'  
 ἔβλαψε πῶς θεούς; πῶς νιν ὠφελεῖ λόγος;  
 ἦ μὴν τόδ', εἴ τις ἄλλος ἐν βροτοῖς γεγώς,  
 λέξας' ἐγὼ κλύοιμ' ἂν εὐσεβής, τέκνον,  
 ἥτις σιωπῶ πολλάκις λυπουμένη.  
 ἄλῃς γὰρ ἤδη δακρύοις τάδ' ὄμματα  
 φέγγους, ὃ δὴ σύ γ' οὔ ποτ' εἰσόψει πάλιν,  
 ἔθῃκ' ἄμοιρα· νύκτεται δ' ἄλῃς κακῶν  
 ἤνεγκαν αὔραι, καὶ στεναγμάτων ἄλῃς  
 ἔπνευσαν εἰς τάδ' ὦτα καὶ λῖαν νέφη  
 ἄνεμος κατ' ὀξὺ κῦμ' ἐπῶρσε πόντιον,  
 κηλῖδα φέγγει προστιθεὶς ἑωθινῷ.  
 κενὰς τοιαύτη δὴ ποτ' ἀγκάλας πνοὴ  
 στῆθός τε παίσας' ἄπορον, οἷχεται κλάδον  
 φέρουσ', ἵν' ὦμῃ καστιβῆς ἐρημία,  
 ἄλός τ' ἀκάρπου μυρίον βροντᾶ στόμα,  
 ἵν' εἰσὶ πηγαὶ νυκτός, οὐρανοῦ πύλαι,  
 νέμει τε Φοῖβος κῆπον, ἀρχαῖον σέβας.

## LVIII.

*The little eyes.*

The little eyes that never saw  
light other than of dawning skies,  
what new life now lights up anew  
the little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise  
such light as heaven's gates ne'er let through  
to lighten Earth from Paradise?

No storm we know may change the blue  
soft heaven that haply death descries,  
no tears like these in ours bedew  
the little eyes.

SWINBURNE.

## LVIII.

*Post tenebras Lux.*

Nulla quis lucis data sors benignae  
praeter Aurorae subeuntis ignes,  
quae novam clausis nova vita lucem  
reddit ocellis?

quis scit an somno fugiente, terris  
quale non unquam miseris levamen  
edidit caeli plaga, surgat istis  
lumen ocellis?

scilicet caeli faciem sereni  
caerulam spectant placidamque ventis  
mortui; fletus neque rorat istos  
noster ocellos.

## LIX.

*Franklin's Epitaph.*

Not here; the white North has thy bones; and thou  
heroic sailor soul,  
art passing on thy happier voyage now  
toward no earthly pole.

TENNYSON.

## LX.

*Lines suggested by a College Tutor becoming a Director  
of the Oxford Electric Light Company.*

Do you think that a Don should in commerce engage?  
Perhaps that can hardly seem right—  
and yet it is not unbefitting a sage,  
to labour in 'spreading the light.'

W. H.

## LIX.

Quid petis? ossa viri Boreas habet alba pruina;  
ipse, olim fortis quolibet ire mari,  
auspiciis tranat melioribus ardua caeli,  
nec iam terrestri finis in axe viae.

σῆμα μὲν οὐ, κρυεροὶ δ' Ἀρκτου πλάκες ὅστέ' ἔχουσιν  
ἀνδρός, ὃς ἐν πόντῳ προὔθετ' ἀγνηορίην·  
νῦν δὲ μάλ' εὐδαίμων πλόον ἐν μακάρεσσιν ἐπείγει,  
τέρμα πόλου ζητῶν οὐκέτ' ἐπιχθόνιον.

## LX.

*Ex luce lucellum.*

Collegi socium negotiari  
si cui forte videtur indecorum,  
at certe sapientis est labori  
vitam impendere lucis inferendae.



## LXL

*Den Originalen.*

Ein quidam sagt: 'Ich bin von keiner Schule,  
kein Meister lebt mit dem ich buhle;  
auch bin ich weit davon entfernt  
dass ich von Todten was gelernt';  
dass heist, wenn ich recht verstand,  
'ich bin ein Narr auf eigne Hand.'

SCHILLER.

*Originality.*

There's a man who avows 'I belong to no school:  
there's no master alive whose instruction I crave;  
and 'tis equally true that I make it my rule  
to learn nought from the dead who lie dumb in the  
grave';  
by which, if his meaning I rightly make known,  
he proclaims 'I'm a fool, and my folly's my own.'

W. H.

## LXI.

*Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri.*

Est qui dictitat, 'haud velim vocari  
sectae discipulus: scientiarum  
quotquot sunt mihi displicent magistri:  
nec flocci facio vetustioris  
quidquid lumina tradidere saeculi.'  
stultum se, nisi fallor, hic suaeque  
fontem stultitiae fatetur unum.

*σχεδόν τι μῶρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνει.*

εἰπέ τις, 'οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε κλύειν ἐθέλοιμι μαθητῆς  
οὐδενὸς ὃς ζῶει καὶ βλέπει ἡέλιον'  
οὐδ' ἐμέ γ' οἱ πρότερον σοφίην ἔτ' ἔχουσι διδάσκειν  
ἄνδρες, ὅσους γαίης πᾶσα κέκευθε κόνις.'  
μῶρος ὃδ', εἴ γ' ὀρθῶς τεκμαίρομαι, εὔχεται εἶναι,  
αὐτὸς δ' οἰκείας αἴτιος ἀφροσύνης.

## LXII.

*Inscription on a Sun Dial.*

With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight  
 from life's glad morning to its solemn night;  
 yet through the dear God's love I also show  
 there's light above me by the shade below.

WHITTIER.

## LXIII.

*Aestheticism.*

NOTE.—The Latin epigram was written in 1882, at the time of the Aesthetic craze, when marvellous colours were affected in dress, and 'precious' phrases in conversation. The English lines are a translation.

[Ambition pricks: thou dost aspire  
 to greatness—or its mask wouldst hire.  
 Then robe thee in unwonted hues  
 of olives sere, or peacock blues;  
 let the admiring crowd behold  
 the wonders of thy mantle's fold,  
 where float thy raven locks: and praise  
 the painter's art or poet's lays,  
 where aught of strange or rare is found,  
 in phrases of ecstatic sound,  
 'oh quite too precious,' 'quite too sweet';  
 thus prove thyself of the élite.

Who lives to-day on such a plan  
 we deem a 'quite too happy' man.

M. V. H.]

## LXII.

*Ubi umbra, ibi lux.*

Cuncta manu signo labentia tempora vitae :  
laeta dies oritur ; nox solet atra sequi.  
tantus amor tamen est divini numinis, almam  
esse supra lucem quae cadit umbra docet.

## LXIII.

*Monstrari digito.*

Vin ergo esse aliquis ? vel esse, Flavi,  
si tu non potes, attamen videri ?  
i nunc, insolito colore vestes  
promissaeque umeris comae nigrantes  
convertant oculos levis catervae :  
miretur chlamydum sinus superbos  
pavones imitantium aut olivas.  
sit sermo tibi mirus ; audiatur  
'omnino nimis ah ! nimis beate'  
si quid rarius aut inusitatum  
expressit sibi pictor aut poeta.

haec sunt quae faciant, amice Flavi,  
vitam quae est hodie 'nimis beatam.'

## LXIV.

*Epitaph in Wraxall Churchyard, Somerset.*

Our life is but a winter's day,  
some only breakfast and away,  
others to dinner stay and are full fed:  
the oldest man but sups and goes to bed.

He owes the most who lingers out the day;  
who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

## LXV.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,  
and what we have been makes us what we are.

## LXIV.

*Vitae summa brevis.*

Est hominum similis brumali vita diei;  
mane hic vix tacto cogitur ire cibo:  
ille die medio pransus conviva recedit,  
tardior it cubitum, cum data cena, senex.  
hic plus debuerit, sero qui vespere cessat,  
ille minus, mensae qui cito linquit opes.

## LXV.

τᾶργα τῶν βροτῶν κατ' ἵχνη τηλόθεν μετέρχεται·  
τοῦ γενέσθαι πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐσμὲν πάνθ' ὅσ' ἡμεν αἷτια

quocunque ire libet quae fecimus usque secuntur,  
et nos quod fuimus quod sumus esse facit.

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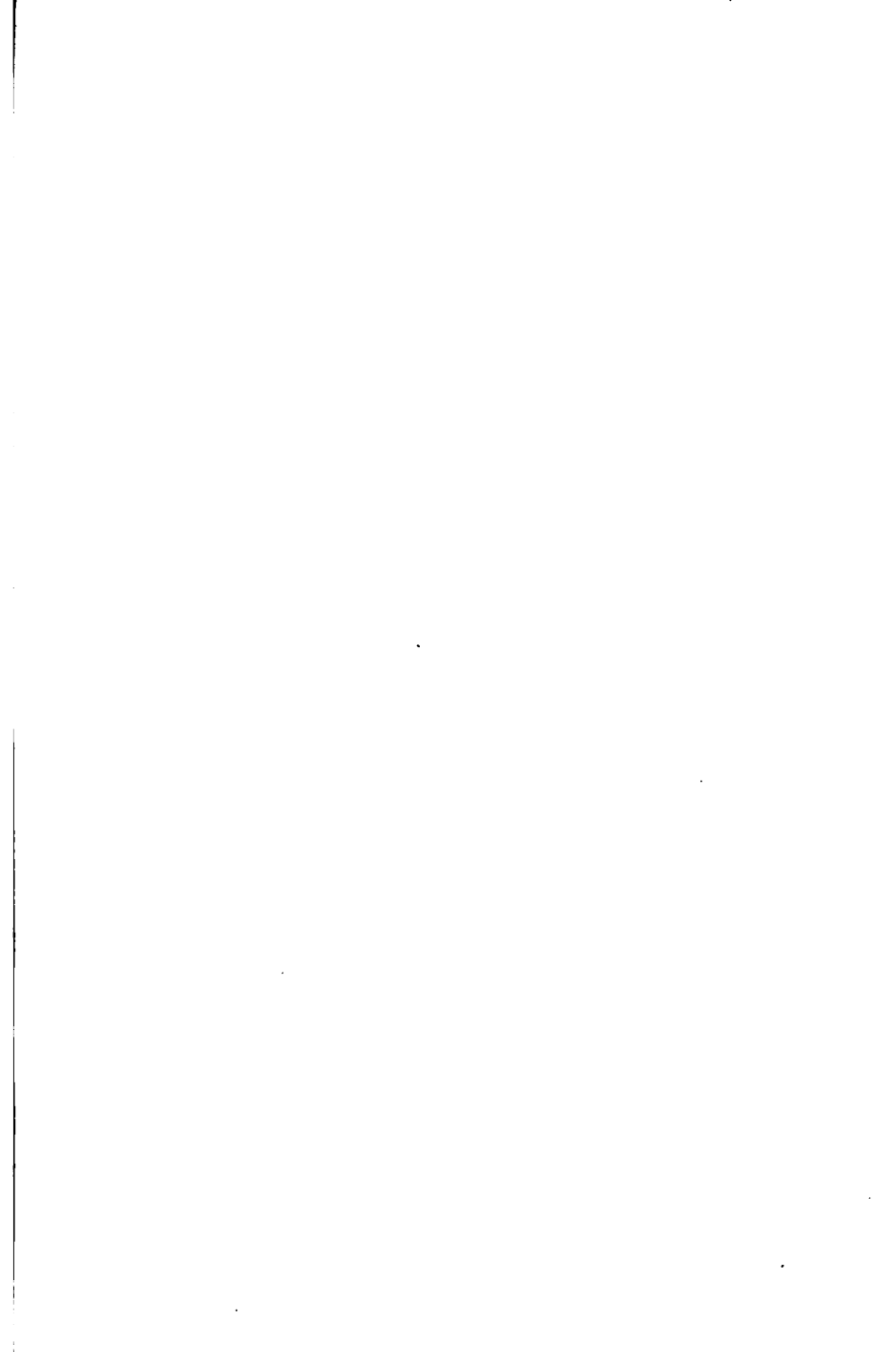
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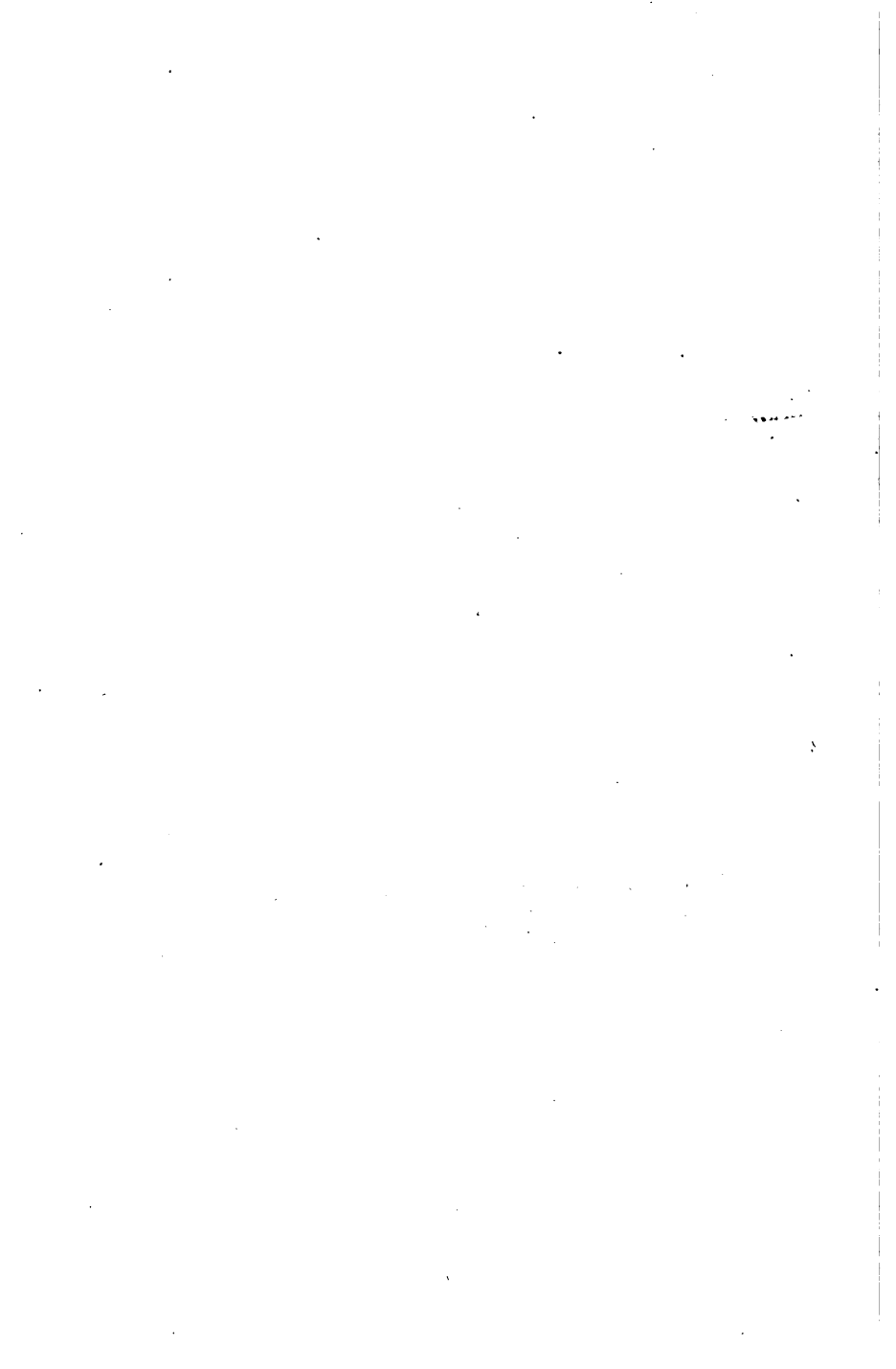
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